

WHAT CHESHIRE HAS DONE FOR THE WAR.—II.
SEAPLANES IN OVERSEAS WARFARE. By the Editor of "The Aeroplane."

COUNTRY LIFE

OFFICES:
20, TAVISTOCK STREET, STRAND, LONDON. W.C.

VOL. XXXIX. No. 996.
Entered as Second-class Matter at the
New York, N.Y. Post Office.

[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER, AND FOR
CANADIAN MAGAZINE POST.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5th, 1916.

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COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XXXIX.—No. 996.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5th, 1916.

PRICE SIXPENCE, POSTAGE EXTRA
REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.



LALLIE CHARLES

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COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

OFFICES:—20, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

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INCREASING FERTILITY

AT the present time the British farmer considers himself to be in the position of the Israelites when they were called upon to make bricks without straw. He possesses the plant and raw material for carrying on his business, but the hands are to seek. It is of little use bemoaning the hard facts. We all of us agree that the important object at the present moment is to defeat the enemy, and whatever difficulties are put in the way of carrying on even the most necessary occupation must be surmounted as well as possible. The problem of the farmer is at once the most difficult and, in a sense, the most alluring. It has for incentive the knowledge that food production is the most necessary and the most benevolent of work. In the second place, he has the assurance that he will be well paid if he can produce abundant results. The problem for him to consider, then, is how he can get on by adjusting the means at his disposal to the object he has in view; in plain words, how satisfactory crops can be produced with a minimum of labour. There are two agencies by which the fertility of the soil can be improved, namely, work and manure. In the old treatises on agriculture they were one and the same thing, the word

manure being practically the same as manœuvre, and meaning to work the land.

It is well known by all who have practical experience of the cultivation of the soil that deep tillage will in itself produce good results. Of course, it must be carried out with knowledge as well as zeal. Many an inexperienced cultivator has, temporarily at least, spoiled the fertility of his land by following out too mechanically and unintelligently the directions he has received to dig deeply. He has brought to the surface that subsoil which, never having been oxygenised by contact with the air or improved by the addition of plant food, is barren. It is only a commonplace to say that all the elements of fertility are in the hardest rock. The soil which we use for growing plants has been by one agency or another reduced to powder. Unfortunately, in spite of that, it is not always very powdery in character, because, if saturated with water and left unstirred, it coagulates into a hard mass incapable of bearing good crops. Fineness of soil is absolutely necessary to satisfactory growth, and fineness comes from unwearied tillage. By frequent digging the under part of the soil is brought into contact with the sun and wind and made to crumble, and so brought into fertility. In the garden depth is added to the soil by double digging. First the top spit is removed, then the subsoil cultivated in the trench. After manure is superimposed, a layer of black mould is put on top and a deep soil is prepared. In farming this would be too laborious, and the object has to be obtained by ploughing deeper, not too deep, or that would bring up the subsoil, but 2in. or 3in. deeper each season. If labour is plentiful, this is a most effective method of bringing the soil into good working order. Should manual labour not be at hand, its place in these days can to a large extent be supplied by the motor plough, requiring few hands to manage it and doing the work speedily and well.

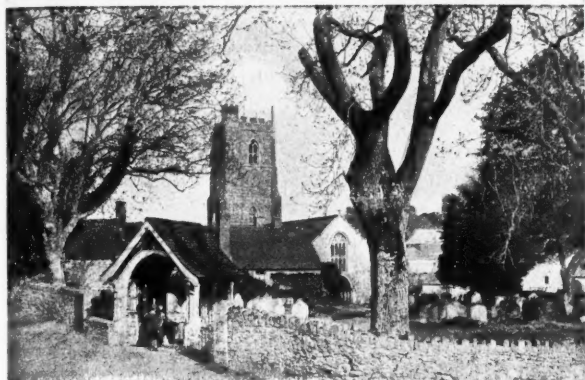
Our ancestors to a large extent had to rely on this turning of the soil for their crops, but they were not long in discovering that fertility could be markedly increased by the application of matter containing plant food. Naturally, this at first consisted of the litter that had been turned into manure in the stable, and, indeed, that method of supplying the wants of the soil continued down to very near the end of last century. Science, however, was working, slowly at first, but with increasing activity, to bring assistance to the art of cultivation. The discovery of large quantities of guano in the seventies may be said to have been the beginning of the rage for chemical or artificial manures, for it was the chemist who came to the rescue. He found out what plants required for their support and the methods of producing it in a form easily available. As long as farmyard manure was plentiful, the vast majority of farmers did not take the trouble to supplement it by means of manures that had been manufactured. But a great change came over things just as the nineteenth was changing into the twentieth century. The automobile which for long was considered only as an ingenious invention that might create interest and give pleasure, but was not practical, began to be improved in such a way that thousands of people in various industries which had previously relied upon horses for the haulage of their goods began to see in the motor a new and handy agency. The huge stables that had been necessary as long as tramway cars and omnibuses depended on horses began to be closed; the city cabmen diminished in numbers; and the hansom went out of fashion. This was just after a very good system had been perfected for transporting manure made in the city into the country. Slowly it dawned upon the farmer that the time had come when it was necessary to make more use of artificial manures, and this is the lesson of the present moment. The shortage of labour demands that the most economical means of manuring the soil should be adopted, hence the injunction from high quarters to the farmers to make greater use of artificials. It is part of the process which we have called adjusting the means at our disposal to the end in view.

Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Kathleen Hill, only daughter of the Marquess of Downshire.

. It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

COUNTRY NOTES



IN Mr. Lloyd George's classical phrase, the Chancellor of the Exchequer is just now peering about to see what new hen-roosts can be robbed in view of the next budget. It must be a gratification to him and to every thoughtful lover of his country to find that the British citizen is taking this new taxation with unsurpassable loyalty. Whatever may happen in other countries, it is evident that in Great Britain the entire population is prepared to make whatever sacrifice is necessary to the winning of the war. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has only to impose his burden in order that it may be met. But this does not exonerate him from the duty of finding out where new imposts will fall most lightly and inflict least injury. The taxation of amusements no one will grumble at. When the war broke out theatres, music halls, picture palaces, and other places of entertainment seemed threatened with stagnation, but since then they have revived to an extraordinary degree, and are full night after night. A tax imposed upon them would not be difficult to collect, as it could easily take the shape of a stamp affixed to each ticket or a levy on the gross receipts. The proprietors may be trusted to pass the additional cost carefully on to the public.

THE proposal to tax railway tickets stands in a different category. We all recognise the advisability of reducing unnecessary traffic on the lines, which during war-time are much required for Government purposes. If pleasure trips could be distinguished from business travelling, there would be no objection to taxing the tickets for them, but a great deal of travelling is necessary to the carrying on of business. For example, during recent years in every town there are many thousands of inhabitants who have changed their dwelling from the suburbs to the adjacent country. They come up to town in huge crowds every morning and depart at night. Already they feel the cost of the season ticket which enables them to do this as a serious addition to rent, and a tax added to what they already pay would certainly put a check upon the healthy habit of living in the country. They are not people, as a rule, who are very well off who do this. The greatest crowds are in the trains which arrive in time for clerks and shop assistants to get to their places of business by nine o'clock. It is for the Government, then, to think well whether the return from a tax on their tickets would be sufficient to warrant an interference with the very healthy habit of living in the country.

FINALLY, we come to that last but perennial source to which all Chancellors of the Exchequer turn when they have exhausted other expedients, the income tax. But even this is no inexhaustible fountain. There is, no doubt, a considerable number of people who have increased their incomes during the war, and no compunction need be felt at extracting from them more revenue for the Government. In working for the Army they have been doing no more than the duty that lies upon every citizen to give his best at the country's need. But a word must be said as to those who earn a moderate income. The increased taxation, taken in conjunction with advanced prices, the higher expenses of living and the responsibilities they incurred before the war, has become a very heavy burden. It would, for example, be unwise, if enlarged to the point where the education of children could no longer be afforded.

THERE is something very pathetic about the death of Sir Clements Markham. He who had faced and surmounted dangers of the sea and land during his youth and in the vigour of his manhood lost his life by fire at the age of eighty-six. It was not a great conflagration, and he was not injured very seriously, as it appeared, his hand and back only being scorched; but when a man is getting near the nineties a shock is more serious than it would have been half a century earlier in his career. It proved too much for him and he died on Sunday afternoon. In his time Sir Clements had filled many parts and filled them well. As a midshipman he had chased pirates; in early manhood he went on an expedition to ascertain the fate of Sir John Franklin and subsequently told his adventures in a book called "In Franklin's Footsteps." Since that day, as explorer, writer, patriot and Yorkshireman he lived a full and vital life, doing many things that proved of immeasurable service to his fellow men.

JOCK, TO THE FIRST ARMY.

O Rab an' Dave an' rantin' Jim,
The geans were turnin' reid
When Scotland saw yer line grow dim
Wi' the pipers at its heid.
Noo, in yon warld we dinna ken
Like strangers ye maun gang;
" — *There's sic a wale* o' Angus men
That we canna weary lang.*"

An' little Wat—my brither Wat—
Man, are ye aye the same,
Or is yon sma' white hoose forgot
Doon by the strath at hame?
An' div' ye mind foo aft we trod
The Isla's banks before?
" — *My place is wi' the Hosts o' God,
But I mind me o' Strathmore.*"

It's deith comes skirlin' through the sky,
Below, there's naucht but pain,
We canna see whaur deid men lie
For the drivin' o' the rain.
Ye a' hae passed frae fear an' doot,
Ye're far frae airthly ill;
" — *We're near, we're here, my wee recruit,
An' we techt for Scotland still!*"

* Choice.

VIOLET JACOB.

TO an ever-widening circle the appearance of a new poem by Mrs. Violet Jacob is a literary event of the first importance, and the one we publish to-day will satisfy the most exacting of her admirers. At the pen's point was the word "delight," but it would be out of keeping with the sadness of this, the most poignant of all the Songs of Angus. "Jock, to the First Army" is the expression of an emotion not of the Anglo-Saxon race only, not of the Allies only, but of all who appreciate gallantry and heroic self-sacrifice. A slight drawback to a full appreciation of its rhythm, the spirit would shine through any wording, is its appearance in the language of Angus; but that could not be helped. Only in a mother tongue can the inmost thoughts of the heart be revealed, and an Erskine must perforce find "the braid Scots tongue" the only vehicle for her best. But the piece is "most musical" as well as "most melancholy," and we trust no reader will be deterred by a few unfamiliar vocables from seeking to realise its finished and perfect beauty.

VERY strenuous steps are advocated by the Board of Agriculture for bringing about the destruction of vermin as obstacles to the maintenance of the food supply. The "black list" drawn up includes rabbits, rats, sparrows, rooks and wood-pigeons. There are not many farmers who will ask any of them to be removed. In spite of all that has been written about rats, they continue to swarm in stackyards. Only the other day we saw over a hundred killed while a stack of wheat was being threshed. The writer for the Board advocates hunting, traps, poisons and fumigants. Mice, in point of destructiveness, are scarcely second to rats. They are especially hard on peas and beans. Their deadliest foe is a sharp little terrier, but as a preventive to waste the Board suggests that peas, before being used as seed, should be steeped in a solution of bitter aloes, one ounce to two quarts of water. Sparrows may be thinned

by the destruction of their nests, by shooting, and bat-fowling. Rooks and larks damage the sprouting autumn-sown corn, especially wheat. Treating the grain with preparations of tar and petroleum, a pint of coal tar thinned down with paraffin to six bushels of seed, afterwards dried with powdered lime, has met with success in some cases. The rocks should be attacked in their rookeries at nesting time, but not before the young are just beginning to fly, as the nestlings are largely fed on insect food. Wood-pigeons may be kept down by shooting and trapping. Rabbits should be cleared out between now and seed time by an energetic use of ferrets and snares.

AN interesting point of discussion has arisen in regard to the size of the sugar factory that would be most appropriate if the growing of sugar beet were to become an established agricultural produce of Great Britain. Mr. Festus Kelly, who has taken a great deal of trouble to ascertain the facts, in a letter to us, published a fortnight ago, set out the view that the best factory would be one following the American model, where every kind of labour-saving machinery is used in order to reduce the complement of hands to its minimum. His argument is that labour is bound to be scarce and that machinery is more economical than manual labour. Against this a correspondent, who has had much practical experience, argues that the main point is to secure the co-operation of the farmers. The ideal factory is one that they can run themselves and of which they hold the greater part of the capital. This they would not do if a gigantic sum were needed, because of their engrained suspicion that a large capital is a temptation to waste. Our correspondent suggests that it would be more advisable to follow the Belgian plan and establish comparatively small sugar factories at a cost of from £40,000 to £50,000 each. The subject is interesting, but not of immediate importance, as all parties are agreed that it would be premature to attempt the establishment of sugar factories before the war is over. The principal point just now is to induce farmers to begin growing sugar beet for the purpose of fodder. In that way they would learn the usefulness of the root, including the leaves, and also the subsequent effect on the land of the high cultivation needed for its production.

IN a speech likely to become historical, Mr. Runciman placed first in the list of "imports less essential for national existence" the material for making paper. It is certainly worth asking if this assumption is a correct one. For the sake of argument, let it be granted that newspapers might be cut down or suppressed to the advantage of the community; but after that remains the question: Is paper a luxury or a necessity? The question that logically follows is whether Mr. Runciman's speech was a necessity or a luxury, because without paper it could not have been made. Suppose that the President of the Board of Trade while he was speaking had had all the paper required to make that speech piled on the table before him, he would probably have been as much astonished as any member of the House of Commons. For, if you think of it, the documents that had to be consulted were paper, the notes and statistics on which it was founded were paper, the vast amount of correspondence which we may assume passed before the statement was made was all done on paper. Therefore, if paper is a luxury so is the most important speech of a Member of the Government. Were we to go further we should see how necessary paper is to the conduct of every sort of business—paper for book-keeping, paper for accounts, for circulars, for catalogues, for bills, even for the typewriter. It is possible to do without paper, as we could make shift to do without tea or coffee or even bread, but in the plain ordinary sense of the word it is surely a very great necessity to the business of the community. A more profitable enquiry would probably be as to how the vast quantity of shipping only partially employed by the Government could be utilised so as to bring material for paper from our own dependencies.

THIS subject might well have been taken as a text for some of the speeches delivered at the Guildhall to the influential meeting called together by the Lord Mayor. Its purpose was to formulate a trade policy for Great Britain when the war is over. Now, the suggestions made were such as frequently have been set forth to the country in days which now seem as remote as antiquity. That there should be a Minister of Commerce, with committees, permanent officials and the other impedimenta which really hinder free

action is no new suggestion; neither was it novel to propose that a deputation should be sent to the Prime Minister. Committees have sat and deputations have spoken in the past, and blue books have been written, without the slightest progress being made. The subject of paper will illustrate the state of things as well as anything. In a part of the King's dominions, Canada, there is raw material enough to supply the whole world with paper for many a year to come. It is of no use in the present emergency, because of the time it would take to build factories and make other preparations necessary for such a gigantic trade. But if some of our merchant princes had taken the matter in hand a few years ago, thinking imperially, as Mr. Chamberlain said, the arrangements for obtaining a supply of paper might have been kept within the Empire. It is the same with a great many other products, and the best resolution for a post-war policy is that each concrete problem should be attacked by those whom it most directly concerns and trade steadily built up within the Empire and with a beneficial eye to the Allies who have so steadfastly fought side by side with us. In this way we should create a sound foundation for our industries.

"MINES."

Swing of the sea and call of the gale—
The grey keeled cruisers steaming by,
Squadron on squadron through the gloom
Beneath a shrouded, starless sky.
Mines, 'ware mines!

Surge of the sea and shriek of the gale—
The lean destroyers pitching by,
Their decks astream from bows to stern
Beneath a wild and tortured sky.
Mines, 'ware mines!

Heave of the sea and moan of the gale—
The giant transports passing by,
Soundless and lightless through the night
Under a dark and brooding sky.
Mines, 'ware mines.

Through every sea and every gale,
The trawler fleets work ceaselessly.
Beneath the ever changing sky
They sweep the channels clear of death,
For fighting squadrons passing by.

M. G. MEUGENS.

FARMERS may naturally expect that when the export of sulphate of ammonia is prohibited there will be a considerable fall in its price. But a notice from the Sulphate of Ammonia Association directs attention to several obstacles in the way of this fall. The cost of production has gone up here as elsewhere. Coal, sulphuric acid and labour are all dearer, and the result is that the margin of profit on sulphate of ammonia has been considerably reduced. The matter is one for business consideration. It is for the farmer to decide whether, at the price charged for sulphate of ammonia, he can by its application so increase the produce of his land as to be able to meet the increased expense and have a satisfactory profit. It cannot be forgotten that the prices of the various kinds of produce which he brings to the market have all gone up greatly and it is not unreasonable that the cost of this artificial should be greater than it was before the war.

IN the current number of the Journal of the Board of Agriculture there is a paper on the Croydon Vacant Lands Cultivation Society which is thoroughly well deserving of attention. Anyone wanting to understand the plan adopted cannot do better than obtain the article itself, which gives all the details. What interested us most is the return of the crops obtained on these plots which before being taken in hand were, or at any rate looked, barren and forbidding. According to a report made last September, the men who had taken them had put in a lot of good work with the spade, and the results are seen in the actual figures. On one plot of nine rods a total profit of £5 19s. 3d. was shown. The expenditure was confined to seeds, plants and manures. There is no cost of labour included in the profit, but we have to remember that cultivation of these plots is mostly done in odd time and that instead of there being any actual cost,

the holder gains by the improved health resulting from work in the open air. If he had played golf instead of gardening, he would have had to pay for his pleasure and had no pecuniary benefit whatever. The principal crop he grew was potatoes, but there were also good quantities of runner beans, lettuces, turnips, vegetable marrows, leeks and greens of sorts. This was not the best return; there were others at least as good.

From one plot of ten rods, 15 cwt. of vegetables were gathered in 1915. But for the enterprise of the Guild of Help, this land would have yielded nothing. Yet what was done at Croydon could be done at every town in the country—at least we do not know of one in which there are no vacant building plots which might be cultivated till they are ready for houses.

SEAPLANES IN OVERSEAS WARFARE.

BY C. G. GREY, EDITOR OF "THE AEROPLANE."

PRIMARILY the seaplane is supposed to be the eyes of the Fleet, but as the Fleet has seldom found it necessary to look farther than the Kiel Canal for its objective, the seaplane has been deprived in this war of the chief reason for its existence.

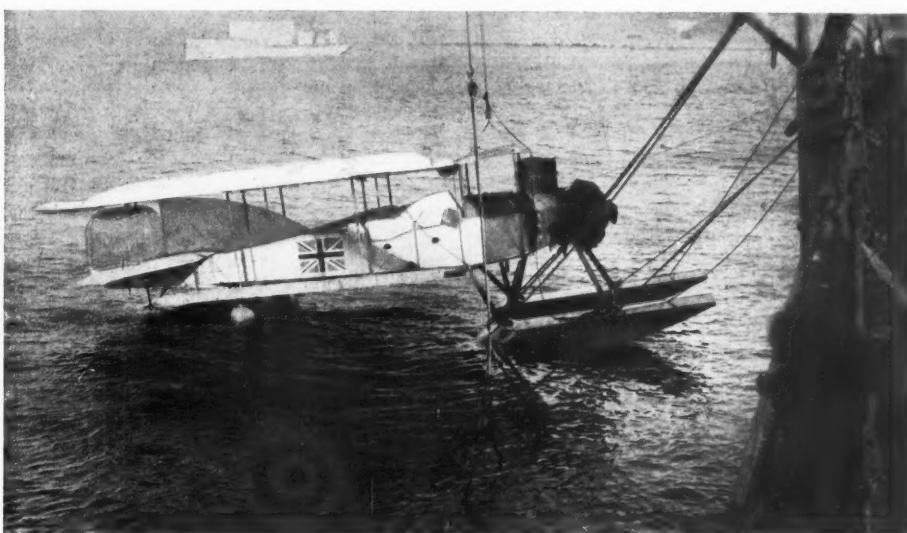
namely, finding the enemy's fleet and spotting for big guns in a general fleet action. Perhaps in a way it is fortunate that things have turned out so, because actually the seaplane is a very young and innocent thing compared with what it will be some day, and it would be trying it rather high to send it out in the wild, wide, wet North Sea when even destroyers are "shipping it green," and to expect it to get up and fly as it ought.

As a matter of fact, I have seen exceptional pilots on exceptional seaplanes get off seas which made things very uncomfortable for anything except a big ship, but the utility of a new weapon is judged by the Services on its worst performance and not on its best, so the Navy may be forgiven for not thinking quite as highly of seaplanes as it will think of them in the course of the next few years, when the Navy's newest vehicle is more fully developed.

It would be unfair, for example, to judge the utility of cannon against ships, if against a modern man-of-war one

possibilities of the new arm than does the Grand Fleet as a whole.

Nevertheless, seaplanes have done quite good work in the war where conditions have favoured their special abilities. For example, Admiral King-Hall's despatch



A SHORT "TRACTOR" BIPLANE WITH FOLDED WINGS.

Suvla Bay.

describing the destruction of the Königsberg in East Africa showed quite clearly that after the shore-going aeroplanes of the Royal Naval Air Service had failed to do all the necessary "spotting" for the guns, owing largely to having to spend too much time going from and to the nearest

possible landing ground, the seaplanes, which got off and alighted on the Rufigi River itself, completed the job of spotting with absolute success. Judging from various letters which have appeared in the Press, seaplanes—which include those used against the Königsberg—have been used as scouts, bomb-droppers, and artillery spotters in Mesopotamia, using the Tigris and various adjacent flooded areas as their aerodrome. Under the curious conditions there prevailing they have immense advantages over shore-going aeroplanes, in that their mother ship has a complete aeroplane workshop on board, and they can be tuned up and repaired free from sand and dirt inseparable from an aerodrome on land in those parts.

The aeroplane mother ship, or seaplane-carrier, was a pre-war development, the late and entirely unlamented *Hermes* being the first ship officially so called. No one loved her, and but for the fact that some lives were lost everyone would have rejoiced when she was torpedoed. Official despatches have also made known to us—one has

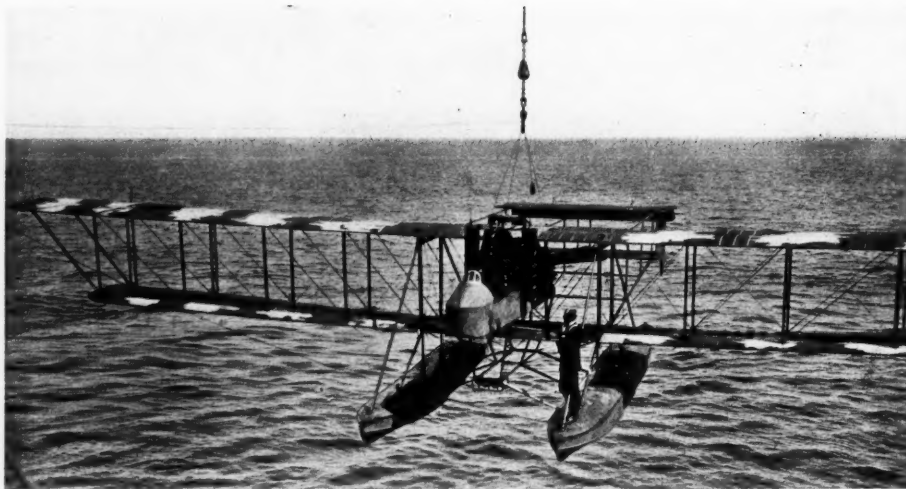


ON THE FLYING DECK OF THE ARK ROYAL.

could only mount the artillery of Cressy and Poitiers, yet the seaplane of to-day is not much further developed than were the "villainous saltpetre" tubes of that day or, at any rate, of Agincourt. Perhaps some naval officers who were subjected off the Belgian coast to the attentions of German aircraft may think a trifle more highly of the future

to be so careful in these days to make it clear that one is not giving away to the enemy official secrets of the kind known to everybody except ourselves—the fact that a flotilla of Channel steamers, the Engadine, Riviera, and Empress, transformed into seaplane carriers, transported to the vicinity of the German coast on Christmas Day, 1914, the half dozen seaplanes which so scared the stately cities of Cuxhaven, Wilhelmshaven and Hamburg.

More lately still we have seen in despatches mention of the Ben-my-Chree as a seaplane carrier in the Mediterranean, and also of H.M.S. Ark Royal, which was the first ship ever launched to be a seaplane carrier. There are those who hold that the difference in speed between the Ark Royal and the Ark Noah when aground on Ararat is negligible, but the fact that the former circulated (as the French say) from England to the Dardanelles shows that she is capable of perceptible motion. And various official despatches as well as the accompanying photographs show that she has been by no means idle while in the Near East.



A WIGHT "PUSHER" SEAPLANE IN THE SLINGING PROCESS.

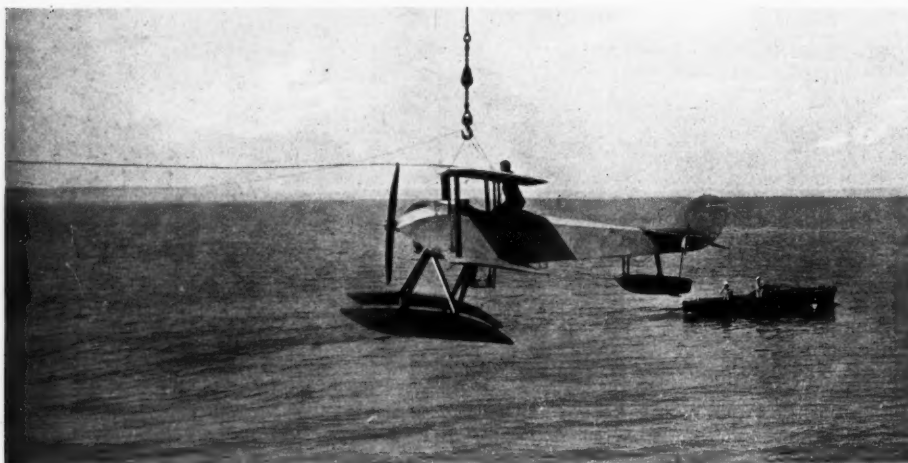
Naval Air Service base at Dunkirk with despatches, inspecting officers, officers proceeding on or returning from leave, etc., and it is commonly known as the "Dover-Dunkirk Pullman," as it is so comfortable compared with the usual torpedo boat or destroyer.

The method by which the machines are conveyed from the water to the mother ship is excellently shown in the two following photographs.

In the first of the two the big Wight "pusher" is shown in the process of being slung by a derrick on to the ship. The officer-pilot is seen standing on the port float apparently unbuckling his life-saving jacket, and a rating, who may have been the passenger or who may have merely come down with the sling from the derrick to "hook on," is standing in the passenger's seat. The patchiness of the planes is obviously intended to break up the lines of the machine when seen from above, and so to make her less easily visible to enemy aircraft when she is below them over land or water.

The second of these "sling" photographs shows a tiny Sopwith seaplane almost exactly similar to that which won the Schneider Inter-

national Cup at Monaco early in 1914. These are small, very fast single-seaters, designed primarily for high speed reconnaissance and not for bomb-dropping or "wireless" work or fighting enemy aircraft, though on occasion they have done all these things. In this case the pilot is being lowered into the water, and may be seen perched up on the back of his seat with his feet on the seat itself, directing



SEAPLANE BEING HOISTED FROM THE FLYING DECK TO THE SEA.

Gallipoli Peninsula in the distance.

Primitive as are our seaplanes, they are yet far ahead of those of any other nation in performance and in construction. At the review at Spithead in July, 1914—which proved to be the mobilisation of the Grand Fleet—our seaplanes, few as they were, performed in a highly impressive manner. One feature that then struck many foreign as well as British naval officers was the fact that the Short "tractor" biplanes folded their wings neatly when moored, instead of spreading them abroad to block the fairway. A machine of this type is shown folded up and tied to a derrick alongside the Ark Royal off Suvla Bay. In another, a seaplane of similar type—probably the same one—is shown on the "flying deck" of the aforesaid seaplane carrier alongside a Wight "pusher" biplane, which is also of the "folding-wing" type.

One of these Short "tractors" has been flying almost daily during the autumn and winter between the headquarters of the Admiral Commanding Patrols at Dover and the Royal



THE SEAPLANE BASE, IMBROS.

operations. When in his proper place nothing but the upper half of the pilot's head is visible outside these high-speed machines.

The fifth photograph shows the beach at Imbros, where a Royal Naval seaplane base has been formed. The machines comprise a Wight (furthest away) of the type already shown, a Sopwith "Schneider-type" scout in the middle, and in the foreground another and larger type of Sopwith seaplane. The graceful attitude of the gentleman who is apparently praying in the Mahomedan manner on—but who is probably effecting some small repair to—the upper plane is worthy of notice, as is the summer uniform of the rating approaching from what appears to be, in the words of Mr. Kipling, "the totally uninhabited interior."

Airy uniforms are preferable when working from a beach as in this case, because when a seaplane is starting or landing it is generally necessary for a certain number of the ratings, occasionally voluntarily accompanied by enthusiastic officers, to wade into the sea up to their necks, or anyhow to their waists, in order to direct the machine in the way she should go, as the seaplane is naturally without steerage-way when close to the shore, and may be swung round by the waves and cast broadside on to the beach unless directed in the straight path. Thus in winter in this country I have seen seaplane landing crews clad as to their upper parts in Balaclava helmets, mufflers and heavy sweaters, while the lower half perished in bathing pants and old pairs of boots to protect their feet against shingle. Unofficially some wealthy officers donated to their crews the long

armpit-high waders used by fishermen; but, anyhow before the war, waders were not Admiralty stores. At any rate, if one may judge by the photograph, Imbros did not at that time cause suffering from inclement weather.

These various seaplanes at the Dardanelles have done quite good work as bomb droppers, scouts and gun spotters,

for the Gallipoli Peninsula is so narrow that it is quite possible to fly right across the Narrows and yet glide back to the sea on the Greek side if the engine stops.

The last photograph shows the result of an unfortunate discontinuation of a scouting flight in which a machine whose engine had stopped apparently got out of hand and, though it did not actually fall plumb into the water, flopped down in an ungainly manner, wiped off its floats, damaged its general structure, and knocked the pilot and observer about rather badly, especially the latter, who was in hospital at Malta for some months. The Turks claimed this smash as a hit for their artillery, but, whatever the cause, it was not that. Both officers were returned as casualties, and there was some anxiety in his family because the pilot did not write home for weeks afterwards. Eventually he deigned to reply, in answer to urgent enquiries, that as he "didn't feel like a casualty, there didn't seem anything to write home about."

Taking it all round, despite the limitations of the seaplane of to-day, the Royal Naval Air Service, as the seagoing portion of the Royal Naval Air Service calls itself on occasion, has done quite useful work, and in time it will do very much better and on a very much bigger scale.



THE RESULT OF AN INVOLUNTARY DESCENT INTO THE GULF OF SAROS.

Pilot and observer were badly knocked about.

THE HOME DWELLERS.—I.

BY CHRISTOPHER HOLDENBY, AUTHOR OF "FOLK OF THE FURROW."

"AY, sir, let 'em be all 'ome dwellers, none o' them there forriners. We can git along a deal better by ourself, quieter and a lot more respectable like." Such was the very typical reply, when two summers ago I asked one of our village women if we could get enough fruit pickers locally. "Them there forriners"—referring to the inhabitants of our market town but two miles away—"Them there forriners with all their clatter and queer ways and dress is best at 'ome and kept out on it. It aint fair to work along with 'em atramplin' about as they does." True, my portly friend was very slow in her movements. Her fingers were much less nimble than those of some of the foreigners; she picked less fruit in the day. But as I surveyed the expansive brown face and matronly figure, still clad in the voluminous skirts that suggest the prodigality of Nature's folds and the blue apron studded with white spots, numerous as the stars on a frosty night, I realised that there was more than mere jealousy and prejudice in her judgment upon the more alert and showy foreigners. Here was something akin to the realisation which dawns on the townsman when he reads "Please keep to the right," that he is part of a community. Mrs. Tabb of Quarry Lane had come to feel without consecutive reasoning that she belonged to that sweep of fertile vale at the foot of the high down, that we were shut off from all foreign parts by the rising banks over which our main road had to wend its way both to north and south, and that she had a natural right to pick the fruit in the parish. The village itself straggled a mile back from the main road, to the very foot of the great hill, and it maintained that deep silence into which it had been awed by the dominating wooded crest. We cannot help thinking of the "clatter" of the outer world, for a subtle happiness, a nameless sense of overwhelming immanent beauty is ever lurking in our valley for those who perceive. Mrs. Tabb

expressed it in her own way, but there was the intuition which could be led further afield and give us country folk something from which to start making towards a closer unity, a wider and better community life—we home dwellers.

The face of the land which bred us and on which we breed, the songs and dance that pulse in the very earth, the customs forced on us by hedge and style and ditch, the village meeting place; these were all conjured up by her frank expostulation. It is from this point some day that we shall really start in the country to draw together. I live on the very borderland of our village, in sight of the main road which links up our little community with many another like it under the hills. Within a few months of Mrs. Tabb's utterance my train of thought was irresistibly drawn along the white road to the outer world. Rumours of the great war and of its significance began to find active illustration in our valley. The peaceful stillness of those early autumn nights was broken by the incessant rumbling of distant trains. "Ay, sure, they must be sendin' a deal o' stuff across the water, for I've ne'er been kep' awake o' nights afore by the clatter o' trains." Such was the general comment. Unwonted convoys of crowded moving lights, the measured tramp of tired feet or the belated chorus of some music hall ditty, sung by many voices, would often draw us out to the gate by the main road, long after we had let the fires burn low. For some weeks we watched the pageant pass by in mere wonderment. Then Jack went from the neighbouring village. Ted was called up: I remember one warm Sunday I was digging in my garden when 5,000 men came marching down the road. A halt was called; they rested in our green hedges and refreshed themselves before going on again. As far as the eye could see was one yellow line of orange and banana skins, dotted with silver paper. "Jus' like some theatre floor in London." Still we

were watching at the gate by the road. "Well, never I see'd such a lot o' men in all my life—full 20,000 at the least. They got a funny talk, too, most on 'em, I couldn't make out 'alf they says t' one another. Forriners, I 'spect—they says they come from Lancashire."

Again and again they passed, some, men of uncouth ways, who jumped the hedge and broke open our faggots for walking sticks, and jeered at us who still worked by the roadside; others, perhaps reminded of home, treated the valley more tenderly. Then came the call for more men, and under the railway bridge and on the wall appeared the posters. "If they want us, they mus' come an' fetch us," was what I often heard, "I reckons as they've lef' us pretty well alone these many year. They aint done much for we, so if they wants us they'd better come an' fetch us." But gradually it dawned upon us that it was no war of any Government or party, that we had got to fight, but for national ideals, for the very peace in our valley which we prized so much half unconsciously. One night that peace was disturbed by explosions and the throbbing of engines in the air.

Leave your home behind, lad,
And each your friends your hand,
And go, and luck go with you,
While Ludlow Tower shall stand.

Though our village was never canvassed under the great scheme, I think scarce an able-bodied man has not attested and "farm and lane and mill" have already given up, or await their turn to give up, their young men.

The lads are gone or going as they can be best spared. Labour is very short and it is progressing much more slowly than usual. It is more in the hands of the very old, the very young and the unskilled. The skilled labour that remains is independent. Wages, of course, have increased, and at present the farmers can afford the increase. "I reckon as things 'll never be the same agin in our village," began one of three black-clad cottage women who travelled up with me one market day. "That's the third in one fam'ly wot 'av been killed in the las' thirteen months." "Then there's young Jim as was brought 'ome las' week a lyin' in that there ambulance car. They calls 'im convalescent, but 'ell never be no more good, 'e wont. 'E's bright enough like, I saw 'im w'en they brought 'im 'ome with the back o' the car all open. 'E was a waving all up the street, but they 'ad to carry 'im upstairs on one o' them there stretchers. We was all out there to see 'im." "Ay," commiserated the third villager, "it's a terrible war it is and no mistake, and none of us knows the end on it." The war is taking its toll of our villagers. At the same time it is making them realise their corporate life as they have perhaps never done before. In a scattered village I was surprised to hear the other day that "there be sixty lads all told as be gone from 'ere," not all home-dwellers, of course, but lads bred and taught in the village. Though they had many of them sought their fortune elsewhere, it is here they return to seek their furlough and here they are welcomed "home." Thus while many will be taken, I fancy still more might be reclaimed.

In one village in my neighbourhood two able-bodied single men had served their time and came home with a sigh of relief "having done their bit." Only last week mine host at the inn told me "Will and Bob be both joined up agin. They came back a sayin' as 'ow they was glad to be out on it. They 'ad a try to work on the ground agin, but they was jus' so ristless like they couldn't make nothin' at it. So off they goes agin and joins up. Funny, aint it? but I tell you wot it is, these chaps don't come back as they went away." Many of these lads have for the first time stepped beyond their village, for the first time been hustled, for the first time grasped a new idea—not because the country village life is in itself stultifying, but because the remnants of education and development have been considered good enough for us home-dwellers. The lads are beginning to see it, but they will eventually want to return to their place with a new life and interest in it. "Yes, I'm just going out again with the next draft maybe. They've been nursing me up at Little Milling, but if I'd stayed there much longer they'd just taken all the fight out o' me. The squire's wife, she's just splendid to us—but it's too homely like with the old street ascending the hill, and the ol' mill sails going round and round." It is just in this way that a renewed village life will present itself to the boys who have gone forth, as it did to my travelling companion.

It was in company with a wagoner's mate, who had left his slow team for one half day, that I found myself at

a local recruiting office. I could see it was a proud step for him to take; he was more dazed than when he stood on the curbstone on Saturday nights in the market square and dreamily watched the hustling passers-by. At a table bestrewn with papers and forms sat a weary officer. "Take the book in your right hand and the card in your left and say after me . . ." came the peremptory order. The book, the card—the wagoner's mate knew nothing of "swearing in" and stood as he did on the curbstone slowly taking in the *débris*. The officer looked up impatiently and almost hurled the book at him. The ceremony slowly proceeded. "Kiss the book," came the peremptory order again. The wagoner's mate only opened his eyes wide in astonishment.

"Are you hard o' hearing or a bit silly, man?" began the exasperated officer. "No," came the slow answer. "Well then, buck up. We'll sharpen you up a bit here before we've done with you—now then, kiss the book." The scene was very natural, but impressed me much. The wagoner's mate had stepped forth into a new world; the beginning of the passage was rather rougher than he expected. He would certainly not come back the same.

The home-dwellers have gone forth. But we cannot afford to lose them for ever, nor can we afford to lose the opportunity which the national crisis has given us for thinking nationally rather than politically. The home-dwellers will want to return only with new possibilities, new facilities to absorb their restless craving for a fuller life. When the time comes for the return we do not want the reproach to come back on us, "We did our bit, but they've not done much for we these many year, nor be they likely to." Now is the time to discuss a vital national problem nationally. We can repeat with inner meaning the lines of Blake:

O for a voice like thunder, and a tongue
To draw the throat of war.

Not many weeks back I paid a visit to Mrs. Tabb in Quarry Lane. Mrs. Tabb's bare arms were in the white soapsuds and the garden was flying many a grey and brown Service shirt. "Sorry I can't oblige 'e this time, Mr. 'Oldenby, but I've more than I can get through now, w'at with a washin' and a darnin' for these poor chaps. An' Rose and Daisy 'av both gone a nursing, an' Joe—'e be turned fourteen las' week—'e be gone on 'is furs' day's work this very mornin'. Well, wot I says is 'We mus' all do our bit some'ow, mus'nt we? and not min' the work. Some, of course, mus' stay at 'ome to keep things goin', that's certain. But the poor chaps be doin' their bit and w'en they comes back they musn't say as 'ow we aint done ours.'" Mrs. Tabb has the way of saying great things simply.

THE WAR-TIME FOX.

Hounds are in the Hall wood, drawing in the laurel,

Crying through the brushwood, crashing through the thorn.

All the Field is far away, armed for England's quarrel,

Careless of the whip-crack, heedless of the horn.

Faded is the glory of the snow white and the scarlet,

Gone is all the glitter of the horsemen on the hill,

Sport of kings abandoned to a weather-beaten varlet

Trying for a tally with a pack that's out to kill!

Sportsmen they that chased us in those half-forgotten seasons

Failing light or far-won point gave each good fox a chance—

Whipped they off a burning line for half a dozen reasons,

Gentlemen of chivalry who fight to-day in France!

Now the huntsmen harass us, men without a master,

Digging in the darkness at the earth behind the hill,

When the moon makes mock at them plying spades the faster,

All to build a tally with a pack that's out to kill!

Joy was in the gallop then, and no one cared a penny

Which of us was caught and killed, which was left or lost.

Forty minutes' flurry gave a mad delight to many

Careless of the issue if the country were but crossed!

Now! a grey-haired huntsman going out to earn his guinea

Matches with our cunning all his wisdom and his skill,

Spending, if it need be, half the daylight in the spinney

Trying for a tally with a pack that's out to kill!

W. H. O.

PONY FAIRS.

By J. M. DODINGTON.

AFTER a long run with the Devon and Somerset Staghounds, one of those famous runs which, beginning on Haddon Hill, ended with the death of our noble quarry within the classic precincts of the Doone Valley, a long hack home, a hot bath and a most excellent dinner, I strolled into the cosy, red-curtained tap-room of my inn, my mind at peace with all mankind.

As I lit my pipe I observed that an unusual air of animation pervaded the company. Few and brief, as a rule, were the drowsy remarks nightly exchanged by the village worthies who sat musing over their pots of beer watching the spirals of smoke curl upward from their long churchwardens. But to-night all, from Jan Hepper, the big farmer "up along Highercombe way," to little Sam Tapp, the sporting blacksmith "down along to Exe-bridge," were keenly discussing some projected excursion for the morrow.

"Why, zurr, it be Bampton Vair, zure-lee," little Sam replied to my interrogation. "You be gwine, bain't 'ee, zurr? Rare vine stuff there be. 'Ees, fay—vur zartin zure Bampton Vair be a praper vine zight vur a vurriner tu zee."

The "foreigner"—from a not far distant English county—promptly agreed that such an opportunity was on no account to be missed, and next day saw him, after a pleasant hack along the grassy Devonshire lanes, gazing down Bampton's one long, narrow, exceedingly muddy street upon what was certainly "a praper vine zight."

For weeks before the fair scores of hard-riding farmers had been out upon the vast expanse of Exmoor driving in the mobs of youngsters. It is an understood thing that on

youngsters are parted out among their owners. The colts are, of course, to a great extent unrecognisable, but every farmer knows his own mare, and every mare knows her own progeny. As a matter of fact, however, these Exmoor ponies do not stray very far from their homeland. At noon on a sunny day you may see a basking, dozing mob of them



AMID THE BREAST-HIGH BRACKEN.

gathered together amid the breast-high bracken in the remotest solitudes of the moor, but as the shadows grow long and the cool airs of evening begin to blow across the heath they invariably scatter and, slowly but steadily, browsing as they go, make each for the haunts of his own infancy.

All the same, it is a long job and a tough job to collect and divide among their owners all these hundreds of "young blood," but patience and perseverance accomplish it, and a few days later you see along every leafy lane the long-tailed, shaggy squads being driven to the fair.

As a rule, they proceed quietly enough, but when congregated among the busy haunts of men the shouting, the cracking of whips, the waving of flags, is terrifying in the extreme to these natives of the silent moorland, and, plunging, rearing, squealing, a very maelstrom of ponydom, with wild eyes, tossing manes and lashing heels, surges between the walls of the narrow street. Dodging into doorways, rushing into backyards, men, women and children evade mutilation and sudden death as by a hair's breadth. Farmers in fustian, dealers in long boxcloth coats, with collars turned up to their ears, hands plunged deep in their trousers' pockets and craps tucked into the hollow of their armpits, stand about in loudly vociferating groups. Not speedily is the bargain



A LONG-TAILED, SHAGGY SQUAD GOING TO THE FAIR.

such occasions the yard gates of all farms which abut upon the moor should open wide as soon as a wildly galloping, madly bucking drove appear upon the verge of the brown heath land. Into the handiest of these yards, amid a prodigious bellowing of West Country voices and a thunder of whip-cracks, the bewildered host is headed, and there the

struck, many are the "wettings" which are required to facilitate its progress, but as evening draws nigh the squads melt away. By road and by rail the dealers move them on; in friendly fields and orchards they recover from the physical, mental and moral damage of their first sale, and in due time proceed to their next.



A Huddled Group by the Village Smithy.



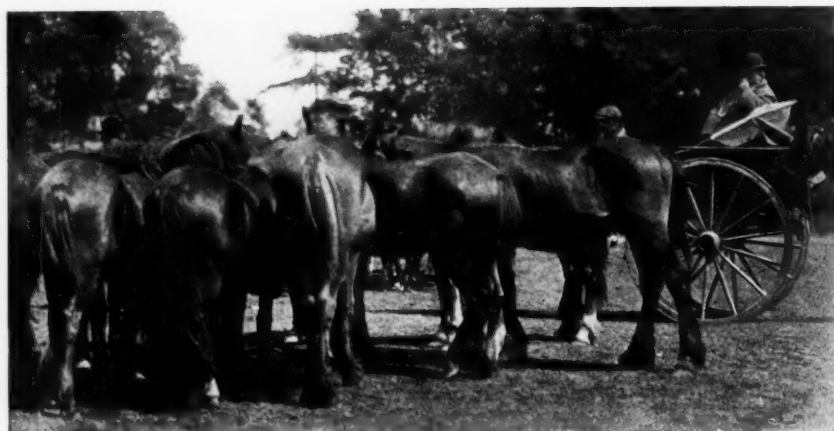
An Odd Nag Travelling with the Pony Drove—and a Prospective Buyer.



"He'd Lave the Express to Carh."



"Eye of a Purty Little Colleen."



The Masterly Dealer, Fat and Flourishing on Horseflesh.

STRANGERS IN A STRANGE LAND.

Their ultimate destiny is decided by their merits. A few of the pick of them find their way to the show ring, many develop into the first mounts of childhood, the ponies of governess carts, milk floats, *et hoc genus omne*. But the large majority are shipped off to the coalfields of Northern England, where they descend into the bowels of the earth and see no more the light of the sun. A hard fate? Yes—in being deprived of the blessed sunlight. But as regards treatment, no. In my experience with Kitchener's Armies I have had to do, principally, with pitmen from York and Durham, and have invariably found that in their dealings with transport animals (no one who is acquainted with the transport mule needs to be told how transcendent is *his* genius for obstruction!) they are most kind and considerate horsemasters.

At a fair in a "vurrian" county I again saw my friends. Possibly not the same members of their great family as I had met at Bampton, but undoubtedly their close kindred. A little subdued by their long journey, more than a little depressed, I thought, by the feeling that they were far, far from home. They stood in a huddled group by the village smithy—under the spreading chestnut trees—their heads inclined despondently towards each other. "Strangers in a strange land, let us at least cling together till the end," they seemed to say. The cracking of whips, the waving of flags, the appraising hands of their purchasers were not now such a startling novelty, they had all "been there before!" But the fire still lived, though for the moment it might be smouldering, and it needed but the touch of a practised hand to fan it into flame.

There was one exhibitor of their powers who was particularly successful in disposing of his wares; he was an Irishman and possessed in full measure that irresistibly seductive tongue which seems to be the peculiar property of the sons of the Emerald Isle.

"Eye of a purty little colleen—sure never wud that eye decave yez!—neck of a deer, luk how proud he carries the head on him! ribs av steel, legs av iron—there's blood and bone for yez! Fasht? He'd lave the express to Cark in the next county an' turn to split on ut as he passed! Lasht? He'd lasht out yon run av the Kilkennies that begun at Andy Donovan's shebeen on Saturday mornin' and ended at Father Macarney's door just as the owld gintleman—God save him!—was goin' out to say mass on Sunday!" This I remember, was one of the fine flights of Micky's imagery.

Only once have I known Micky's dexterous tongue to make a slip. It was when, in the midst of a group of intensely interested parishioners, male and female, he was showing off the paces of a really nice cob—a quite good stamp of animal—to a youthful cleric of the neighbourhood and his recently acquired wife. This lady had a very considerable dower. She was a score of years ("more!" said the female parishioners), older than her husband and the difference in their ages was accentuated by his fair, fragile "type of beauty" which made him look even younger than his years—but the lady's income made up for all deficiencies.

Micky, being only a visitor, not a sojourner in the land, was quite ignorant of the identity of his prospective customers: "Lepp, yer Riverince? Is ut leppin' ye mane? Begorra, ye know yon sthrame acrost the common, beyant the village? Thurrty feet an' more—tuk ut in his sthride!—it's no lie I'm tellin' yez. Just in his play, the craythur.

'Tis that's the way wid yez, this mornin'?' sez I. 'Let's see, thin, what kind av likin' ye have for the sthicks?'—An' wid that I putt him at a gate. Siven futt ut was, be Jabers! Cleared ut like a burrd—hopped acrost ut like a robin! Arrah, yer Riverince, 'tis himself that's the great lepper! An' wid all that"—from the corner of his blue eye Micky shot an almost imperceptible glance at his Riverince's companion—"wid all his sperrut, he's as quate as a new-born babby. A riggymint might let off their guns an' let out their yells at his ear and he'd never wink an eye. Yer Riverince's lady-mother here"—he turned with earnest solemnity to the crimson-faced bride—"cud dhrive him to Cark an' back agin widout a minute's onaisyness. Me lady, ut's the truth I'm shpakin'—sure the craythur's made for yez. An' that's God's truth if the breath was tuk out av me and I never shpoke another wurd!"

But Micky did not bring off *that* deal!

HOW TO MEET THE DEMAND FOR BRITISH TIMBER.

COST OF FORMING PLANTATIONS.

CAREFULLY prepared returns from various parts of the country show that, taking the British Isles as a whole, the average cost of tree planting is about £5 per acre. Of course, much will depend on the extent and altitude of the

plantations, nature of the soil, and whether fencing and drainage have to be engaged in. The difference in cost between notch and pit planting is also considerable, and the fact that the former method is almost exclusively adopted on the rough, high-lying grounds of Scotland and some parts of England accounts mainly for the smaller first outlay on the formation of such plantations.



A FRIENDLY ORCHARD MAKES A WELCOME CHANGE BEFORE THE NEXT FAIR.

During the past half a century fully 20,000 acres of plantations have been formed on the Countess of Seafield's estate in Scotland at a cost, including fencing, of rather under £2 per acre. On the more sheltered, low-lying lands of Southern England, where, for various reasons, pit planting is engaged in and larger plants used, the cost varies from £5 to sometimes upwards of £7 per acre. For all practical purposes, however, in connection with reafforestation the cost of forming plantations may be put down at, say, £5 per acre, as the average of the following returns from various parts of the country will show:

ENGLAND AND WALES.

	£	s.	d.
Carnarvonshire, partial fencing and drainage, per acre	5	2	0
Gloucestershire, fencing and planting, per acre	7	10	0
Kent, fencing and planting, per acre	6	3	0
Lincolnshire, fencing and planting, per acre	8	0	0
Yorkshire, at 600ft. altitude, planting and fencing, per acre ..	4	18	9

SCOTLAND.

Blair Athol, 3,665 acres, fencing and planting, per acre	2	10	0
Grantown, Strathspey, fencing and planting, per acre	2	0	0
Inverness-shire, Glengloy Estate, 800ft. altitude, fencing and planting, per acre	3	10	0
Perthshire (planting only), per acre	2	10	0
Ross-shire, 3,950 acres, up to 1,200ft. altitude, including fencing, draining, plants and planting, per acre	2	10	0

IRELAND.

Armagh (bogland), preparing and planting, per acre	5	2	0
Tyrone, preparing and planting, per acre	4	18	0
Wicklow, up to 900ft. altitude, fencing and planting, per acre ..	4	13	11

Another instance in Scotland may be recorded, in which 550 acres were planted at a cost of £1,178, or at the rate of £2 2s. 10d. per acre. This included for fencing, £164 18s. 4d.; drainage, £123 15s.; plants, £520 10s.; planting, £368 16s. 8d. In connection with these figures it may be assuring to state that in each case a strict account of the expenditure involved was carefully noted, and the returns given are practically correct. The average cost, therefore, taking Great Britain as a whole, would be about £5 per acre for fencing and planting the ground.

The above-named plantations, too, were formed on the very class of ground of which we have so much lying idle or bringing in only a few shillings rental per acre, in various parts of the country. The Ross-shire plantation referred to was a bleak and barren moorland which the crofters, who used it as a common for their cattle and sheep, refused to rent at 1s. per acre per annum; while at Strathspey the 20,000 acres of land were let out, previous to planting, at 8d. per acre per annum. Vast tracts of the bare hillsides of Wales are only bringing in a rental of from 3s. upwards per acre. It should be remembered that all the above-named plantations were formed on bleak, exposed moorlands—the very class of waste lands that I have so strongly advocated as the woodlands of the future, and of which, at the present time, there are about 15,000,000 acres lying idle in various parts of the kingdom. Taking planting at £5 per acre, cost of purchase 45s. and 5s. for incidental expenses, would bring the average initial total expenditure to £7 10s. per acre. Elsewhere I have suggested that 1,000,000 acres should be planted over a period of twenty-five years, at the rate of 40,000 acres per year, which would be an outlay of £300,000 annually—a small sum when compared with the £25,000,000 expended for many years by this country on supplies brought from abroad.

Comparatively large areas of plantations can be most economically dealt with and are to be recommended. From a commercial point of view the small areas of ornamental woods that are to be found in this country are a failure owing to there being no continuity of timber supplies, and without such no wood merchant can afford to offer a remunerative price nor railway companies cheap transit rates. But there is another point that I should like to touch on, and that is that the work should only be entrusted to a efficient and practical woods manager. It is frequently urged that forestry does not pay but, where such is the case, it is generally traceable to injudicious planting and wrong methods of management.

Wrongly formed plantations are, unfortunately, far too common, in so far at least as adaptation of soil and trees are concerned, the results being that, financially speaking, the woods are a failure and proprietors in consequence fight shy of further planting operations. Not once, but on several occasions have I examined and reported on such woods in various parts of the country, one of the most noticeable being in one of the Midland Counties where a large area of ground was planted with oak, for the successful growth of which the soil was quite unsuited, the result being that in sixty years the average cubic content of the trees was barely 10ft. Then in Carnarvonshire a large area of gravelly common land was planted with larch, the result being that at twenty-five years growth the majority of the trees were "pumped" or rotten at the core.

When pressing home extension of plantations, I have more than once been confronted by the statement that past experience does not warrant further expenditure in that way. That such is true, cannot be denied, but faulty methods of management are mainly responsible for the failure. A. D. WEBSTER.

WHAT CHESHIRE HAS DONE FOR THE WAR.—II.

CHESHIRE landowners who in earlier years had done some military training returned to their old regiments when the call for volunteers was made, and business men who had not previously taken any particular interest in the fighting services left their commercial pursuits to take their share of the many risks attending modern warfare. Some have been killed; many have been wounded.

Captain John Egerton-Warburton of the Scots Guards, who was wounded in the leg last May, died three months later in the military hospital at Manchester. He was of Arley Hall, son of the late Colonel Piers Egerton-Warburton, and grandson of Cheshire's hunting poet. In 1908 he married Lady Lettice Legh, eldest daughter of Lord Newton.

Lord Vernon, who died from dysentery at Malta, the eighth holder of the title, went out to the Dardanelles with the Derbyshire Yeomanry with the rank of captain. He was only twenty-seven years of age, and succeeded to the title on the death of his father in 1898. The late peer entered the Diplomatic Service in 1908. He was Attaché at Constantinople and at Munich. Lord Vernon was unmarried and is succeeded in the barony by his only brother, the Hon. Francis Lawrance William Venables-Vernon, a lieutenant in the Royal Navy since 1911.

Another Cheshire landowner killed in the war is Colonel Frederick Charles France-Hayhurst of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, of Bostock Hall, Middlewich. He entered the Army in 1895, and retired with the rank of captain in February, 1913. In October of the same year he took over the command of the 4th (Denbighshire Territorial) Battalion of the Welsh Fusiliers, and on the outbreak of war he volunteered for active service. He succeeded to the Cheshire estates about eighteen months ago on the death of his father, Colonel C. H. France-Hayhurst. His youngest brother, Commander Cecil France-Hayhurst of the Patuca, died on duty in March, 1914. Colonel France-Hayhurst is succeeded at Bostock by his second brother, Lieutenant W. H. France-Hayhurst of the Yorkshire Dragoons, which regiment he joined in October, 1914. He was formerly a captain in the Cheshire Yeomanry.

Captain Leicester-Warren of Tabley House joined the Cheshire Yeomanry as second-lieutenant in November, 1915, and is now captain and adjutant of the 3rd Queen's Westminster. Captain J. V. Hermon belongs to the Cheshire Yeomanry, but on the outbreak of war he was attached to his old regiment, the 6th Dragoon Guards.

Colonel E. Townshend Logan of Christleton Bank, Chester, was for several years connected with the Cheshire

Militia. He served with distinction in South Africa and received the D.S.O. When the Army was ordered to mobilise for the war, Colonel Logan joined the depot at Birkenhead where he organised the training of troops to make good the casualties in the line battalions at the front. Colonel Logan went to the front with a battalion of Durham Light Infantry. He had been in the war area only a few weeks when he fell while leading his men in the attack on Hill 70, at the battle of Loos. Colonel Logan married the daughter of Mr. Carruthers Johnston of Chorlton Hall.

Second-Lieutenant Leslie Findlater, only son of the late Mr. T. Findlater of Hale, Cheshire, was decorated for conspicuous gallantry in the field, while attached to the 1st Battalion Manchester Regiment. On September 25th, 1915, near Neuve Chapelle, believing the trenches opposite him to be occupied by our troops, he led his platoon up to the barbed wire, which he cut and passed through before he was discovered by Germans who were holding the trenches in force. He ordered the platoon to retire, while he himself, with Private Edwards, covered the movement by throwing bombs into the trench. His gallant action was so effective that the retirement was carried out in good order and with little loss. Lieutenant Findlater joined the Army in Sydney, New South Wales, and trained with the 13th Battalion Australian Contingent until November, 1914, when he resigned his commission on account of his father's death and came home. He was slightly wounded by a bomb on the day he gained his distinction.

Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel F. E. B. Isherwood, who left for the front with the 2nd Battalion York and Lancaster Regiment, is a prisoner in Germany. It is reported that the ambulance in which it was supposed Colonel Isherwood was placed after the battle of Ypres was missing, and it was thought the Germans, when they broke through, captured the ambulance and took the wounded officer and men prisoners. Colonel Isherwood has been mentioned in despatches and promoted to brevet lieutenant-colonel.

Another Cheshire officer reported missing by the War Office is Lieutenant Charles A. Gladstone, grandson of the late Mr. W. E. Gladstone, and second son of the Rev. A. Stephen E. Gladstone of Manley Hall, Cheshire. Lieutenant Gladstone was a master at Eton College, an Eton Blue, and a member of the College O.T.C. In November, 1914, he joined the Intelligence Department and was attached to the Royal Flying Corps. He was also employed as a motor-cycle despatch carrier. His elder brother, Mr. A. C. Gladstone, joined the 2nd Battalion 9th Gurkha Regiment, and

the third brother, Mr. S. D. Gladstone has also joined an Indian Native Cavalry Regiment.

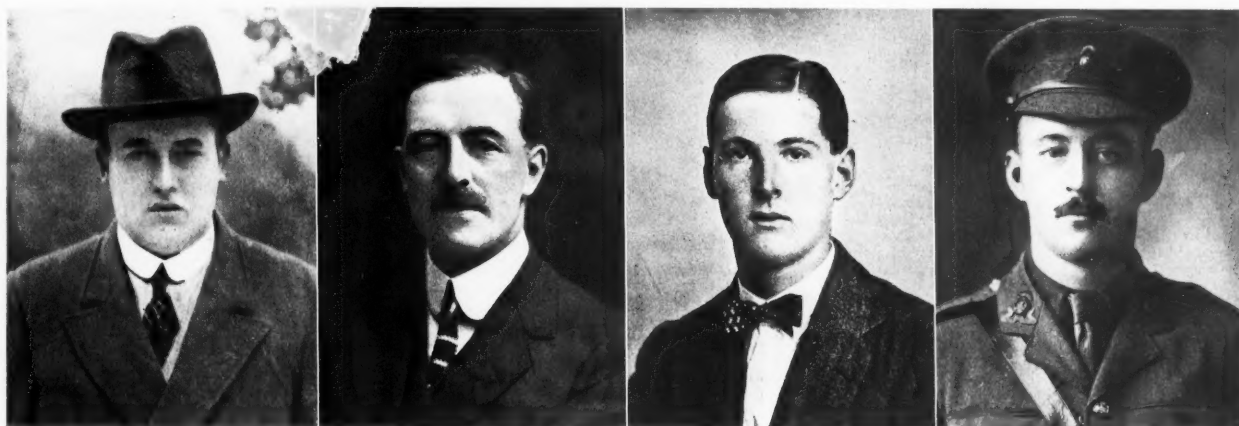
Lieutenant W. G. C. Gladstone, M.P., another grandson of the late William Ewart Gladstone, was killed in action last April. Lieutenant Gladstone, who was Lord-Lieutenant of Flintshire, belonged to the Royal Welsh Fusiliers. Hawarden is not in Cheshire, but the Gladstone connection with the county is so close that it would be unreasonable to omit reference to Lieutenant Gladstone here. He was shot in the head while on the parapet of a trench endeavouring to locate a sniper. In one of his letters to his mother, he wrote: "You will be wrong if you regret my coming, for I am very glad and proud to have got to the front. It is not the length of existence that counts, but what is achieved during that existence, however short."

Lieutenant Brian Crossley, youngest son of the late Sir William Crossley, Bart., and of Mabel Lady Crossley of Bowden, Cheshire, was reported among the killed in May last. He received a commission in the 3rd Battalion Highland Light Infantry, and at the end of January, 1915, he joined the 2nd Battalion in France. Lieutenant Crossley was educated at Eton and Cambridge and when he left for the Army he was a director of Messrs. Crossley Brothers. Another officer killed who lived on the Bowden side of Cheshire was Sub-Lieutenant Brian T. R. Melland, son of Dr. Brian Melland of Altrincham, and nephew, by marriage, of the Prime Minister. Sub-Lieutenant Melland enlisted with his brother, Fred Bernard, in the Public Schools Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers, and both were granted commissions in the Royal Naval Brigade. In January, 1915, they left this country for the Dardanelles. The Anson Battalion,

trench on both sides of the portion held by him and his men, and were observed also to have worked their way considerably to the rear and to be close to the British reserve trenches. Lieutenant Rhodes was seen to pick off with his rifle three of the advancing Prussians. An order was then received to retire to the reserve trenches. In the retirement he was hit by a bullet and he died a few minutes later in the presence of four of his men.

The battleground of Ypres accounted for another Cheshire officer, Second-Lieutenant F. T. Knight, second son of Colonel A. H. Knight of Oxtou, Birkenhead. Mr. Knight was educated at Clifton College, and subsequently studied for the career of a mining engineer in Saxony. When the appeal to the sword came, he was engaged in a special course at Aix-la-Chapelle, and just escaped internment. He came home and joined the reserve battalion of the Lancashire Fusiliers and was ultimately transferred to the 1st East Lancshires. Second-Lieutenant Geoffrey Hamilton Bagshawe of the 1st Royal Dragoons (killed in action, May 13th, 1915), was the eldest son of Mr. Ernest Bagshawe of Hazel Grove and Chapel-en-le-Frith. He was educated at Christ Church, Oxford. Mr. Bagshawe's other son is serving with the Honourable Artillery Company. Captain Robert Yardley Sidebottom of Knutsford, was unofficially reported wounded and missing after the engagement at Harcourt, and his death has since been confirmed. His regiment was the 1st Battalion Lancashire Fusiliers.

Lieutenant T. B. Lowther, 1st Lancashire Fusiliers (killed in action on June 4th, 1915, at the Dardanelles), was the youngest son of Colonel W. G. Lowther (late Royal Artillery) of Shrigley Park, Macclesfield. He was the



LORD VERNON.

Who died of dysentery at Malta after service in the Dardanelles.

THE LATE LT.-COL. F. C. FRANCE-HAYHURST.

Killed in action.

LT. BRIAN T. R. MELLAND, THE LATE LT. T. B. LOWTHER, NEPHEW OF MR. ASQUITH.

Killed in action.

Killed in the Dardanelles.

and were members of the landing party on the Gallipoli Peninsula. In the subsequent operations Brian was killed and his brother was seriously wounded.

Captain and Adjutant George Ernest Weatherhead, 2nd King's Own Royal Lancaster Regiment (killed in action near Ypres on May 9th, 1915), was the eldest son of the late Canon Weatherhead of Seacombe and of Mrs. Weatherhead, New Brighton, Cheshire. Captain Weatherhead began his military service in the Yeomanry at the time of the South African War. In 1900 he was gazetted to the Royal Lancasters and since October, 1912, he had been Adjutant of the battalion.

Mr. John Loring of Nantwich, agent to Sir Delves Broughton of Doddington Park, Nantwich, has lost his youngest son in the war. Second-Lieutenant R. N. Loring was killed in action on June 16th, four days after he reached the war zone. He was an officer of the Worcestershire Regiment, to which he was gazetted from the Inns of Court O.T.C. The Lorings have suffered heavily in the war. Colonel Loring of the Warwickshires, was killed in November, 1914, when leading his men into action, and Major Charles B. Loring, serving with a cavalry regiment, was killed in the following month. Both these officers were brothers of Mr. John Loring. Another young officer killed in the early months of the war, was Second-Lieutenant A. Rhodes of the 7th Durham Light Infantry. This officer was officially reported missing, but his father, Mr. F. S. Rhodes of Marple, received news from wounded soldiers which destroy all hope that his son is alive. About 3 a.m. on Whit Monday, Lieutenant Rhodes was in the advanced trench with his platoon when the Prussian Guards, with the aid of poisonous gases, made their attack. They broke through the advanced

third member of this family to lose his life in the country's service.

Lieutenant Douglas Kirk Wolley Dod, who was killed on September 25th last, was the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Dod of Edge Hall, Cheshire. He was gazetted to the King's (Liverpool Regiment) from Rugby School O.T.C. in 1914. He went to France with his battalion in July of last year. In a letter his Commanding Officer spoke of his "cool and collected behaviour in trying circumstances," and that he was "setting a fine example to his men during a heavy bombardment in the trenches when he was killed instantaneously by a shell."

Second-Lieutenant Oscar Johnson of the 5th Battalion Cheshire Regiment (Territorial Force), who was wounded, played in the Manchester University Rugby team, and was the University champion of athletic sports and winner of the Milnes Marshall gold medal in 1907 and 1908. He afterwards played football for Sale and Cheshire County. Captain A. McM. Taylor, who was wounded in August last, has been prominently associated with the Birkenhead Park Rugby Football Club, and for a number of years he regularly represented Cheshire in inter-county matches. Cecil F. A. King, the captain of Sale Rugby Football Club (one of the oldest Rugby Clubs), is a sapper in the 1st Field Company Royal Engineers, Royal Naval Division. He has been on service in the Dardanelles, where he contracted enteric fever and was sent to the Royal Naval Hospital at Malta. A prominent member of New Brighton Rugby Football Club, Lieutenant J. L. Chester, was killed in Flanders. He belonged to the 9th Battalion the King's (Liverpool Regiment), and was son of the first Mayor of Wallasey. G. B.

IN THE GARDEN.

NOTES ON DAPHNES.

THE best known of all the Daphnes is the old favourite *Mezereum*, which is now flowering with great freedom in so many gardens. It likes a mild winter and a sunny spot, while it succeeds in almost any soil. Sturdy bushes with leafless branches 3ft. or 4ft. in height, wreathed with small showy flowers, precious for their colour and exquisite fragrance, are familiar to all, and a source of great admiration at this season. In its leafless condition it is much improved by a carpet of an easily grown plant like Mossy Saxifrage, *Achillea tomentosa*, or Pinks, just to hide its bare legs from Mother Earth. There are single and double forms, a deep variety (*rubrum*) and a white one (*album*), also a somewhat distinct and larger variety that flowers in November known as *autumnalis*. The single flowers are followed by clusters of red berries that are not without their charm in late summer, while the seeds, if sown in autumn as soon as gathered, may be relied upon to germinate—a little unevenly, it is true, for they sometimes remain dormant a whole season.

Considering the ease with which this Daphne may be grown, its cultivation might be worth while from an economic point of view, for the bark is very acrid and is used medicinally, while, previous to the outbreak of war, it was imported in large quantities from Germany. There are scores of common plants that might well be grown on a commercial basis in this country. Why, for instance, are we dependent upon France for the decorative seed-pods of *Honesty*? Literally it comes over by the ton, and yet it grows like a native here. The *Mezereum*, by the way, does grow wild in this country, although it is doubtful if it is truly an indigenous plant.

As Covert Plants.—There are many anomalies among Daphnes. Some are evergreen, others deciduous; some like peat, others lime; some love sun, others shade. Of the latter, *D. Laureola*, the Spurge Laurel, and *D. pontica* are two of the best covert shrubs we have. The Spurge Laurel is a native plant, flowering from late December till March, and frequently seen on our chalk hillsides under a fairly dense shade of Beeches, Pines and other trees. Both *D. Laureola* and *D. pontica* are evergreens, with deep glossy green foliage. Neither of them is remarkable for its flowers, which are yellowish green in colour, those of *D. pontica* being the more fragrant of the two.

For the Rock Garden.—Some well known Alpines are



DAPHNE INDICA RUBRA.

included among the Daphnes, and of these the Garland Flower, *D. Cneorum*, with its spreading, trailing growths and dense terminal clusters of fragrant, rich rosy pink flowers, is the most beautiful. It is evergreen, and flowers more or less continuously from April till September. It makes a very suitable companion to the charming *Lithospermum prostratum* either in the rock garden or in the foreground to the shrubbery.

The Rock Daphne (*D. rupestris*), which forms neat tufts carrying soft pink flowers about 2in. high, is a delightful little plant to grow between the fissures in limestone rock.

D. blagayana, a dwarf Alpine 3in. to 1ft. high, with fragrant creamy white flowers, needs careful handling and no little coaxing in order that it may do well, although at Wisley it grows and flowers successfully.

D. alpina, with its grey-green, downy leaves and clusters of fragrant white flowers, should have limestone added to the soil, for it is always in the limestone formation in the European Alps that it occurs in the wild state.

The two evergreen species *D. indica* and *D. odora* are not hardy enough to stand outside. The former is a great favourite in the greenhouse for its clusters of pink and sweetly fragrant

flowers. The variety *rubra* has deeper coloured flowers, and there is also a white variety.

Some Daphnes never will be successful as garden plants. Take, for instance, *D. caucasica*, which has many times been reintroduced and then lost to cultivation, although we believe it is grown successfully in Miss Willmott's garden at Warley. One of the most beautiful of all Daphnes is the Chinese *Genkwa*, which produces trusses of fragrant lilac flowers in spring before the leaves are developed. The pity is that it is so difficult to cultivate, for although it has been in cultivation for at least twenty-five years, it is still a rare plant in gardens.

All Daphnes resent disturbance at the root, and this explains how it is that the *Mezereum* flowers with such great freedom in cottage gardens where the shrubs are left undisturbed year after year. In any case, Daphnes ought not to be moved in

the spring unless they can be lifted and replanted with a large ball of soil. Autumn is the proper time for transplanting.

Daphnes rarely attain a very great age. Even in the case of the time-honoured *Mezereum* it is seldom one sees a real old veteran bush, and the same may be said of the Spurge Laurel, planted by Nature with a lavish hand in our woods and copses as an undergrowth to large trees. The reason for the



THE WHITE MEZEREON.

comparatively short life of Daphnes is probably due to the plants straining their resources in the production of an overabundant supply of flowers and, in some cases, seeds.

HARDY FLOWERS AND THE MILD WEATHER.

FROM many parts of the British Isles we continue to receive reports of the effect of the unusually mild weather upon the growth of plants. Many wild plants of our hedgerows, usually associated with spring and early summer, are already in full flower, while Snowdrops, Winter Aconites, Violets, Primroses, Gentians, Forsythia suspensa and Hazel catkins have, in some places, this year beaten all previous records for early flowering. One of the most distressing effects

of the mild weather—for we cannot suppose that the winter is past—is the very forward condition of Roses, Ramblers particularly, which have made several inches of growth.

From a reader residing at Heswall, near Birkenhead, comes an assortment of flowers, picked from the open in January, that would have done justice to any garden in August. The flowers include Dwarf Polyantha Roses of the Orleans and Jessie type and Hybrid Teas, border Carnations, Veronicas (shrubby and half shrubby), Scabiosa caucasica, Catananche or Blue Cupidone, Helichrysum or Everlasting Flowers, Marguerites, Geums, Sage, Violets, Wallflowers, Anemones in variety, Achillea tomentosa, Auriculas, Arabis, and Aubrietias in great variety. Truly a wonderful gathering of flowers from the open in January, and from a Northern garden, too! H. C.

PATTIE POSTS A LETTER.

PATTIE was playing in the old farmhouse kitchen—a white-smocked Pattie with scarlet slippers and as many short, bobbing, yellow curls as could grow on one little head in four years.

Miss Susan stood by the big table, beating, mixing, kneading with housewifely precision, and John Thorne leaned through the open window to pass the time o' day with her.

There were few mornings when John did *not* pass the time o' day, for the kitchen window opened straight into a country lane, or, rather, a grassy bridle path, which he seemed to find more useful than the smoothest and straightest high road, though it neither began nor ended near his own farm.

That morning John leaned over the window-sill and discussed pickled walnuts. Miss Susan, it seemed, had a priceless recipe for them. Never, sighed John, had he tasted such walnuts as hers.

Miss Susan bridled. "I'll write down the recipe," she said, with unexpected generosity, "and send it to your housekeeper."

"Send it to me," said John eagerly, "and I'll read it to her. Her sight's but poor."

"I had an egg for breakfast," said Pattie, joining suddenly in the conversation.

"Hullo, poppet!" said John. "Who's little girl are you?"

"Mummie's," said Pattie helpfully.

"She's Mary's little lass," said Miss Susan, going to the window. "You remember my sister Mary?"

Pattie clambered on to the window-seat. "Mummie's ill," she said, enjoying the sensation of having an unusually interesting relative.

"Pattie came yesterday," said Miss Susan, touching the bobbing curls experimentally with a finger-tip. "I doubt but I've forgotten how to talk to a child," she went on with a sigh. "I find myself speaking to her as if she were another plain, middle-aged woman."

"Stuff!" said John, looking in a troubled way at Miss Susan, whose rather massive comeliness was beauty to him. "Besides, children like it," he added vaguely.

Miss Susan shook her head.

"Well, I must be going," he said. "And you'll write about the walnuts? To-day, maybe?"

He rode away and Miss Susan fidgeted round the kitchen for a few minutes and then decided to put the recipe ready for the post at once.

Her fingers ached to write "My dear John," even if the next words referred to pickled walnuts.

"You stay here, Pattie, there's a good little gel," she said. "I'm just going to write a letter in the parlour."

"Haven't you any toys for me to play with, Auntie Susan?" asked Pattie plaintively.

"You've got your doll," said Auntie Susan.

But Pattie was thoroughly bored with her doll. "S—sh! Lanoline's asleep," she said. "She sleeps awfy badly. Keep me awake all last night."

"There's only a game called 'Word-making and Word-taking,'" said Miss Susan, doubtfully. "It's dozens of little cardboard squares with letters on them. Do you know your letters?"

Pattie nodded. "Printed ones, not writed ones," she said. "Lemme have them, Auntie Susan." She followed her aunt into the parlour and then trotted back into the kitchen with the box of letters.

"Floor's frikefully cold!" she said, stooping down and patting the tiles. Then she spread out a stout oven-cloth, sat down on it and scattered the letters round her. Lanoline, again suffering from insomnia, was allowed to sit up against a flat-iron and watch the game.

"Auntie Susan," said Pattie, when her aunt came back. "I'm going to write to Mummie with these letters. How do you spell 'I'?"

"Oh, just 'I,'" said Auntie Susan.

"I" was found and isolated in an empty baking-powder tin.

"And how do you spell love?"

"L-o-v-e."

Pattie breathed hard for five minutes and completed the word.

"How do you spell you?"

"Y-o-u."

"Vat's all," said Pattie after a pause. "Now I'll put them in a letter to Mummie. Are you writing a letter to-day?"

"Yes."

"Where is it?"

Miss Susan suddenly turned scarlet, was tempted, faltered, fell.

"On—on the table in the parlour," she said hurriedly. "The envelope isn't fastened down." Pattie scampered from the room.

"I can't bear it any longer—I can't bear it!" said Miss Susan, addressing the rolling-pin wildly. "I'm thirty-five to-morrow, and it's been going on for years. Maybe the letters'll stir him up a bit and make him think. And I can say the child put them in the wrong envelope. But, oh, the deceit!"

She never knew how she spent the next quarter of an hour. She supposed she put the bread in the tins, for when she began to notice things again there was a neat row of tins half-filled with dough in front of the fire. She sat down feeling suddenly exhausted. "I can't do it," she said. "I'll take the letters out."

Pattie came trotting down the passage. "I've licked it up and poseted it," she said, appearing. "The front door was open."

"Posted it! Where?" asked Miss Susan, aghast.

"In the little red box in the wall outside the gate, where we poseted a letter yesterday," said Pattie. "A boy lifted me up."

"But it wasn't stamped."

"I put a kiss in the corner instead," said her niece, placidly. She had always found her kisses all-powerful at home.

"He'll get it this evening," said Miss Susan to herself, now thoroughly frightened. "And have to pay twopence for it, too! Happen he'll never put the letters together right, though," she added.

But that night she slept as badly as Lanoline.

Clop-clop! came the soft thud of a horse's hoofs down the grassy lane. Miss Susan's heart beat wildly as she looked up from her ironing and prepared to say "Good morning." But there was to be no more leisurely passing of the time o' day. John stepped straight through the window and took her in his arms.

"My dear, my dear," he said, "I thought all along it was your Cousin Luke. He as good as told me you were only waiting till his dairy paid better. When will you marry me?"

"I can't, I can't," she said, brokenly. "If you only knew the truth you wouldn't want me."

"Nonsense!" he returned. "I don't believe there *could* be anything amiss in your dear life. And even if there was—oh, I love you! I love you!"

"Vat's what I said to Mummie," said Pattie, emerging unexpectedly from under the table and startling them into sudden propriety. "I spelled the letters out and put them into Auntie Susan's letter."

"Oho!" said John, "and I was fool enough to think—"

He looked apologetically at Miss Susan.

"They was all misked up," went on Pattie, "but it wouldn't matter."

"Didn't it, though!" said John to himself. "It kept me up till one o'clock, anyhow!"

He tossed Pattie up on to his shoulder. "Would you like to have a doll with real hair and eyelashes to play with now, and a watch to keep until you are grown up, Pattie?" he asked.

"Yeff," said Pattie, suddenly shy.

"Then Auntie Susan and you and I will drive into Birchester this afternoon to buy them—and something else," he said. "Susan, what's troubling thee, dear lass? Let's hear this mighty matter that's to keep us apart."

He put his arm round Miss Susan's waist and her woman's wisdom woke at his touch. After all, why cloud her hard-won happiness?

"It's—it's only that I'm two years older than you, John," she said, demurely.

ISABEL BUTCHART.



"C HARMING, in an age when Britain is victorious in every quarter of the globe, you are not yet enrolled in the annals of its fame. Shall Wolfe, Boscawen, and Amherst be the talk of future years, and the name of Mary Coke not be known? 'Tis the height of disgrace! It is a vexatious thought, but your ladyship and this age of triumphs will be forgotten unless somebody writes verses worthy of you both."

Such a joyful and flattering apostrophe from Horace Walpole may well recall the vicissitudes of fame to our minds. Wolfe's death at the moment of his gallant exploit and the national pride in Canada have well secured "the talk of future ages," but the fame of the other two heroes has become unjustly dim.

The surrender of Louisburg in 1758 by the French to the British Navy and Army under Boscawen and Amherst was one of those innumerable feats which have built up the British Empire, while lost to sight in themselves like the minor features in the fabric of a great cathedral. To Walpole

the victory evidently was epoch-marking, but now the circumstances need to be recalled.

Walpole records, September, 1758, "the standards taken at Louisburg have been carried to St. Paul's with much parade." He also notices that "Wolfe has great merit, spirit, and alacrity and shone extremely at Louisburg." This victory, in fact, paved the way to the more dramatic episode of the fall of Quebec and capture of Canada. Admiral Boscawen, born in 1711, entered the Navy at an early age, but reached captain's rank in 1737. He was with Admiral Vernon, the hero of the last days of Sir Robert Walpole's administration, at Porto Bello, 1739, and Carthage in 1741.

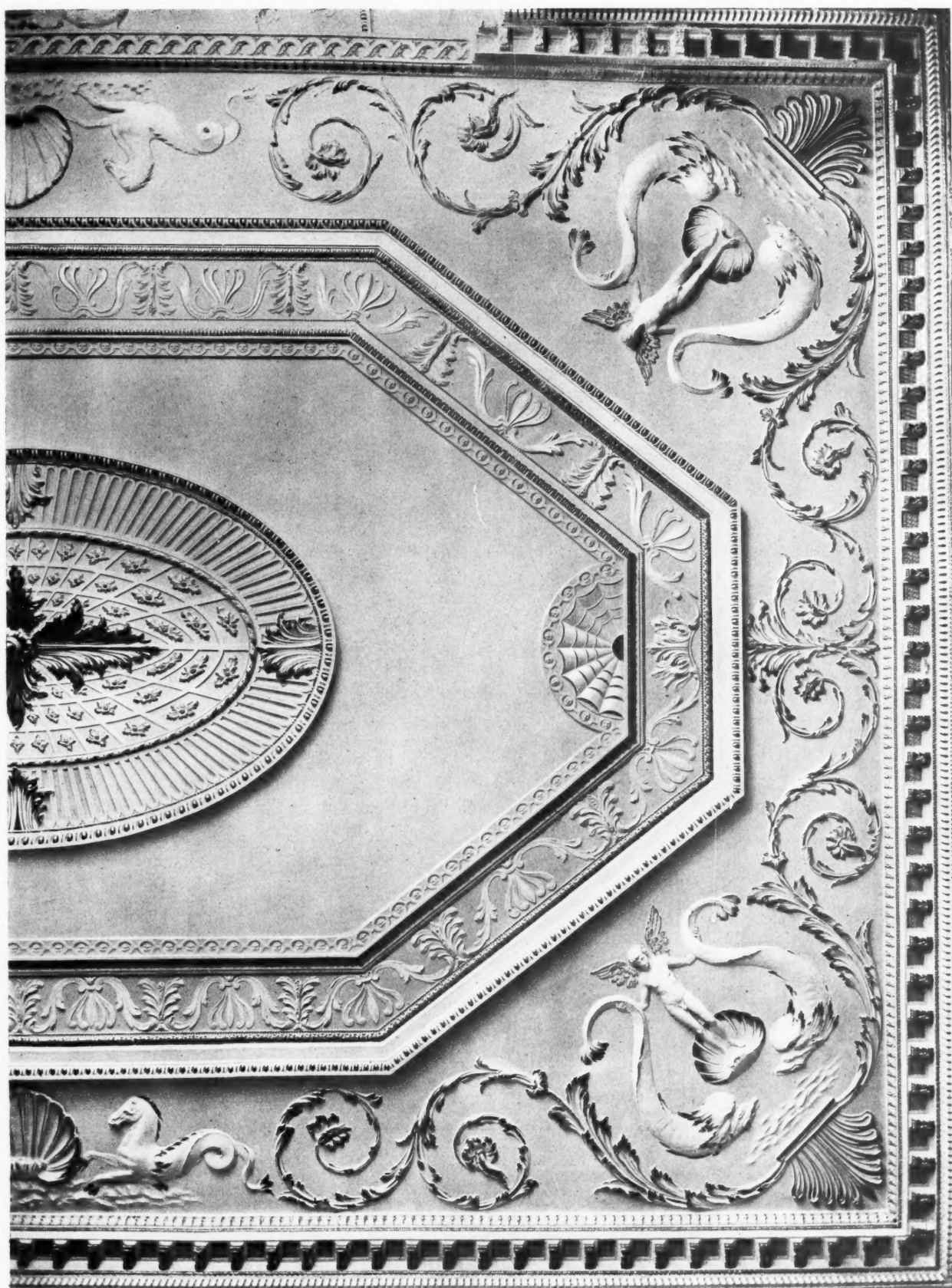
That "war of Jenkin's ears," as it was called, was to prove fatal to the statesman who, first opposing, ended by acquiescence, half hearted to the last. In 1747 Boscawen commanded a line of battleships in the great engagement with De Jonquière's fleet, when ten of the enemy's ships were taken and he himself received a wound in the shoulder.



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DRAWING-ROOM, FORMERLY LARGE DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE EARLIEST DECORATIVE WORK OF ROBERT ADAM.

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As Rear-Admiral of the Blue, he was sent with six ships and the command of the land forces to the East Indies to attempt the capture of Mauritius and Pondicherry. He landed and recruited his troops at Cape Town on the way out. The peace of 1748 brought Boscawen home again in October, 1749, and three years later he became a Lord of the Admiralty. Too active for a long spell of shore work, he was off to America again in 1755 as Vice-Admiral of the Blue. Three years later he was Admiral of the Blue and achieved his great success at Louisburg in conjunction with Amherst for which he received the thanks of Parliament, addressed to him by Speaker Onslow.

Repeated experience has taught Britain the secret of the successful prosecution of combined land and sea attacks, though in times of peace the lesson is occasionally forgotten until

in tropical climates that he retired to Hatchlands in the autumn of that year and, to the national loss, he died there on January 10th, 1761, at the early age of fifty. In 1751 Walpole had commented on his appointment in Whitehall, writing to Horace Mann on June 18th: "Admirals Rowley and Boscawen are brought into the Admiralty under Lord Anson, who is advanced to the head of the Board. Seamen are tractable fishes, especially it will be Boscawen's case, whose name in Cornish signifies obstinacy, and who brings with him a good quantity of resentment to Anson."

There was a Boscawen of the Manor of Rose in Cornwall in the time of King John. Edward Boscawen appears in the Restoration Parliament, and Hugh was created in 1720 Baron Boscawen of Rose and Viscount Falmouth. He

had married in 1700 Charlotte, daughter and co-heiress of Colonel Charles Godfrey, and a niece of the Great Duke of Marlborough. "Old Falmouth," as Walpole calls her, died in 1754. It is her third son Edward, ninth child in a family of eighteen, with whom we are concerned to-day. His wife, who long survived him, was "the accomplished Mrs. Boscawen" whose name is so familiar in the records of the last half of the eighteenth century.

Horace Walpole writes to the Countess of Upper Ossory at the end of 1776: "I heard a good story of Mrs. Boscawen the Admiral's widow who lives near London, she came to London as soon as she had dined at her country house. She said, 'I expected to find everybody at dinner, but instead of that I found all the young ladies strolling about the streets, and not thinking of going home to dress for dinner: so I had set out in the evening, and yet got to town in the morning of the same day.'"

It is illustrative of the gradual declension of the dinner hour which was in progress; but it was not from Hatchlands that she set out, as

Manning tells us that it was sold by her in 1770 to H. Brightwell Sumner. From Mrs. Delany's correspondence we learn that her house, Glan Villa, was at the then rural Colney Hatch.

Hatchlands preserves in its Servants' Hall interesting traces of the Admiral's domestic rule in the form of a tablet lettered in black on a white background fixed over the fireplace. The last item of this Domestic Discipline Act, "Whoever defaces these rules in any manner shall forfeit 5s.," seems to have acted as a charm for its preservation. The light thrown on the habits of the domestics of that time makes it worth while to give the clauses, with the remark that all the forfeits are 3d., except numbers 7 and 14, which are 1d. and 6d. respectively.

(1) Whoever is last at breakfast to clean the table and put Copper Horns, Salt, Pepper, etc., in their proper place, or forfeit 3d.



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DRAWING-ROOM FIREPLACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

recalled by some unfortunate incident or disproportionate losses. Boscawen was given the command of the Mediterranean and set sail on April 14th, 1759. After long watching the French fleet at Toulon, on August 18-19th he obtained and took the occasion for their defeat at the battle of Lagos. Given the rank of a General of the Marines he seemed as if about to settle down. He had married in 1742 Frances, daughter of W. E. Glanville of St. Clair in Kent, an heiress with £3,000 a year, and his family consisted of three sons and two daughters. The Admiral had also started the building of Hatchlands, a plan for which, dated March 6th, 1757, has fortunately been preserved by the accident of its inclusion in the Adam collection of drawings. In January, 1760, however, Boscawen was off again to Quiberon Bay, but his health had been so impaired by his heroic exertions

(2) That the Postillion and Groom shall have the Servants Hall cloth laid for dinner by 1 o'clock, and not omit laying salt, pepper, spoons, etc.

(3) That the knives for dinner and the housekeeper's room to be cleaned every day by the Postillion and Groom, and in case one is out the other to do his business in his absence, be it which it may.

(4) That if any person be heard to swear or use any indecent language at any time when the cloth is on the table.

(5) Whoever leaves any powder or pomatum or anything belonging to their dress or wearing apparel out of their proper places.

(6) That no one be suffered to play at cards in this hall between 6 in the morning and 6 in the evening.

(7) Whoever leaves any pieces of bread at breakfast, supper or dinner.

(8) That if anyone be detected cleaning liveries, clothes or any leather breeches at any time of meals and shall leave any dirt after cleaning

them, at any time.

(9) That the Postillion and Groom to have the hall decently swept and the dirt taken away before dinner-time.

(10) That every servant shall assist to pump water for the use of the house every Wednesday.

(11) That no one shall put any kind of provision in any cupboard or drawer in the hall after their meals, but shall return it when they had it.

(12) That the table cloth shall after all meals be folded up, put in the drawer for that purpose.

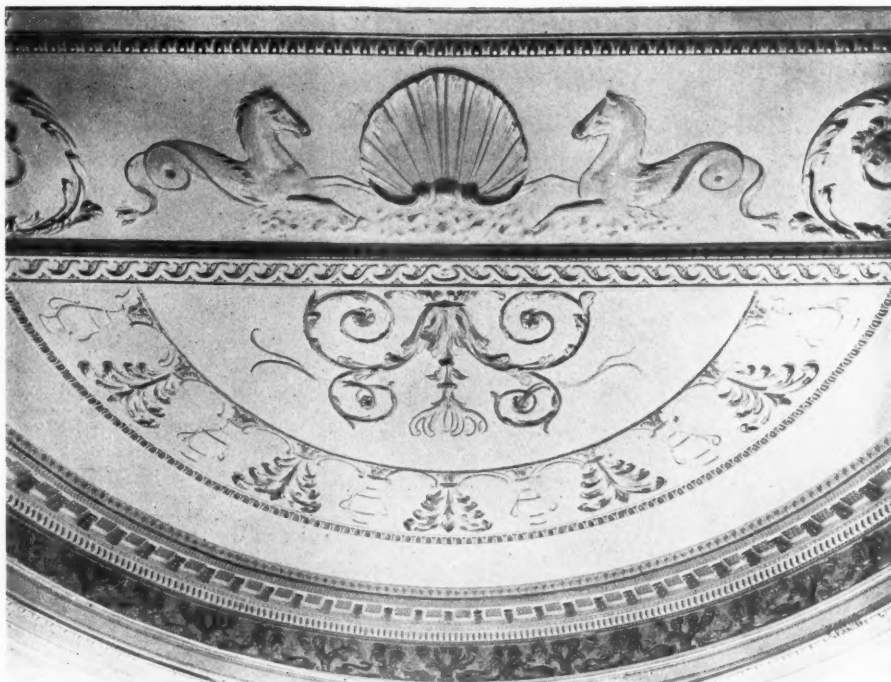
(13) That if

anyone be detected wiping their knives in the table cloth at any time.

(14) That if any stable or other servant take any plates to the stable or be seen to set them down for dogs to eat of.

(15) That no wearing apparel or hat boxes be suffered to hang in the hall, but shall be put in the closets for that purpose.

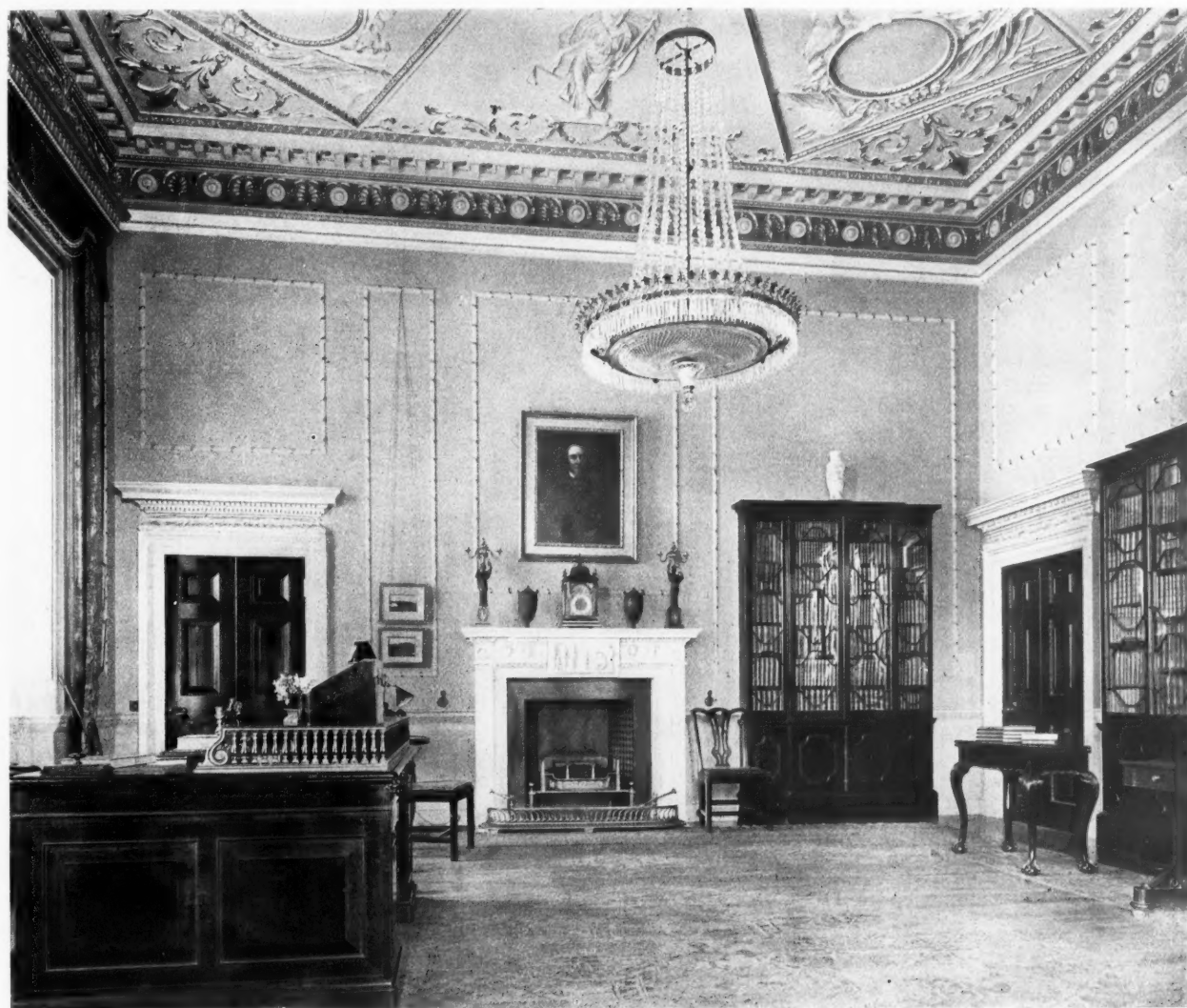
It appears that the Admiral had an inclination of his head to one side, popularly ascribed to his shoulder wound,



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CEILING OF DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE"



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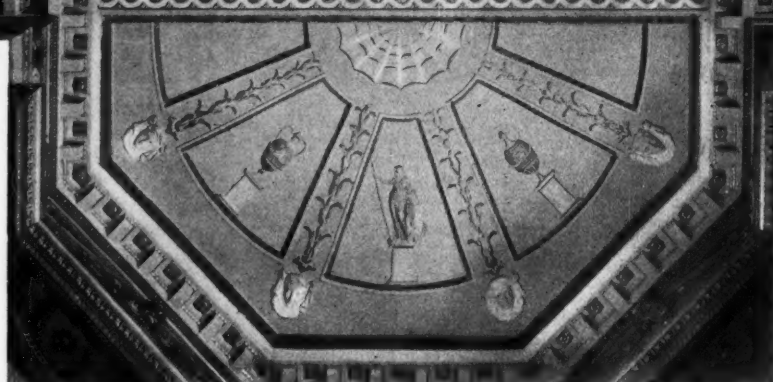


but really, it is said, due to his mimicry when a boy of a servant so afflicted.

It is pleasant to think, therefore, that the way of the martinet was merely an accretion on the native stock.

With his strong Cornish connections it is not surprising that the Admiral was buried at St. Michael, Penkivel, where "a monument of exquisite workmanship, designed by Mr. Adam, and executed by Mr. Rysbrach," stands erected to his memory. The very long epitaph commencing, "Satis Gloriæ sed haud satis reipublicæ," concludes with the statement that he died "At Hatchlands Park, Surrey, a seat he had just finished (at the expense of the enemies of his country), and (amidst the groans and tears of his beloved Cornishmen) was here deposited. His once happy widow inscribes this marble an unequal testimony of his death and her affection."

The happy discovery of this clue has at last cleared up the mystery of the locality of Robert Adam's first known work. It seems strange that



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"COUNTRY LIFE."



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FIREPLACE IN LIBRARY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

these early drawings should have no indications on them other than the heading, "Designs for Admiral Hon. E. Boscawen," and the date 1759. At the time, however, everyone knew where the popular hero lived. The fact is also buried in the three great volumes of Manning's "Surrey," which, however, make no mention of the architect's name. Robert Adam only returned from Italy in January, 1758, and he was not therefore the original architect of Hatchlands.

The plan he was using is headed, "Plan of first floor for the Hon. Edward Boscawen, Esq., March 6th, 1757," a misleading description. It is clearly the ground floor plan of the present two-storey house which has only cellars and no regular basement. The most probable first architect and author of the plan is "Ripley the Carpenter," who built the Admiralty, where Adam was also called in at about this time to remedy his notorious artistic deficiencies. As Ripley had died on February 10th, 1758, there was no

personal difficulty in either case. To this happy intervention we owe the beautiful Admiralty screen in Whitehall, one of the best known of the early works of Robert Adam. It has unfortunately been mutilated by the loss of two of its Doric columns, removed in 1827 by the octogenarian Taylor for the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV, in order to form two additional entrance drives which might well be spared under modern conditions. Secretary Coker, who seems to have had some doubts, asked Smirke to meet him on the spot, but Taylor encountered them, and addressing his rival said: "Mr. Smirke, this is forestalling me! This is but a temporary expedient to remedy a great inconvenience, and will not prevent any future more extensive alteration of the façade, which, by the bye, has no beauty in it!" Despite the complacency of the vandal Taylor, this Adam screen still remains the admiration of all who can appreciate fine architecture, and will no doubt before long come into its own again.

At Hatchlands, in a very dull house quite reminiscent of the old Admiralty, without, however, any portico, Robert Adam made his first essay in interior decoration.

His work in the ceilings and mantelpieces, which still remain, will be seen with the greatest interest as work probably earlier even than Sharde-loes, hitherto considered to be Adam's earliest existing work.

Ripley is supposed to have walked from Yorkshire to London. He married a servant of Sir Robert Walpole, and in 1721 was appointed Chief Carpenter in succession to Grinling Gibbons. He was at Houghton, carrying out Colin Campbell's design, and came in contact with Kent. Ripley was actually



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THE NEW MUSIC ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

given Sir John Vanbrugh's post as Comptroller of the Board of Works. His Admiralty was built between 1724-6, while



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FIRST FLOOR LANDING.

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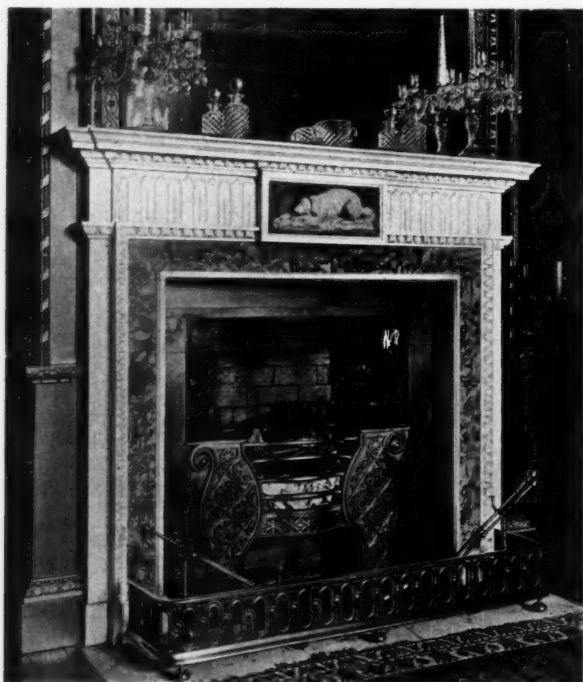
Copyright IN "LESSER DINING PARLOUR." "C.L."

Wolterton in Norfolk, for Lord Walpole, was completed in 1730.

Pope remarked that

Heaven visits with a taste the wealthy fool
And needs no rod but Ripley with his rule.

One of the few existing letters of Robert Adam, written in the early part of 1763, illustrates the outspoken enthusiasm of the man who was afterwards, according to the obituary notice of 1792, remarkable for his suavity of manners. He writes to a Scotch friend: "Painting and sculpture depend more upon good architecture than one would imagine. They are the necessary accompaniments of the great style of architecture and a building that makes no provision for them, and does not even demand them as necessary adjuncts, I would at once pronounce to be wretched. My brother James writes (from Italy) with that love and enthusiasm of architecture, which no one could feel that has not formed very extensive ideas of it. It is easy to tame and bring under proper management these large views: and the detail of our profession comes naturally to a man who understands its great principles, in the laws of beauty and grandeur: but the architect who begins with *Minutiae* will never rise above the race of these reptile artisans who have crawled about and infested this country for many years." As Admiral Boscawen returned November 1st, 1758, and sailed again on April 14th, 1759, the date of the drawings can best be placed quite early in the latter year. The admiral returned on



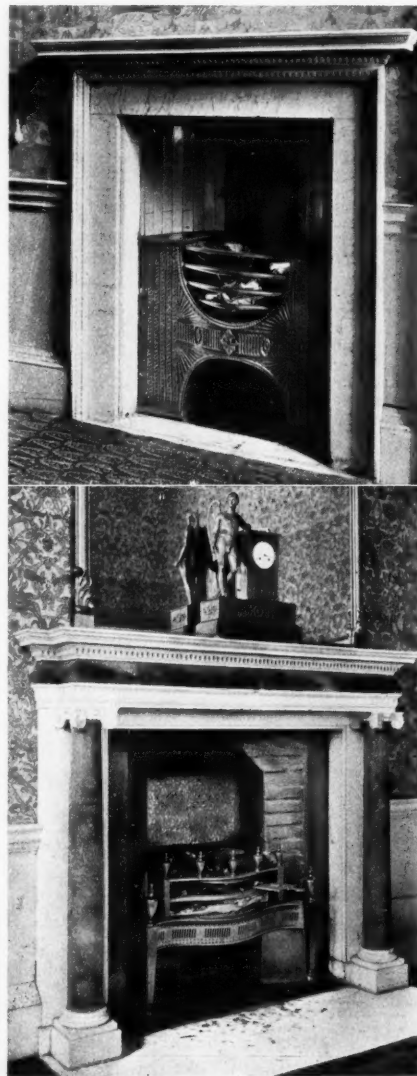
Copyright. IN THE PRESENT DINING-ROOM. "C.L."

September 15th, 1759, and set out on his last expedition in January, 1760. In December he had been given the Freedom of Edinburgh in consideration of his many favours to Scotsmen. If he had just finished the work at his death, January 10th, 1761, two years would be none too long.

From the evidence of the Soane drawings, which are few in number, the house would appear to have been finished in part already and Adam's share to have been confined to the completion of some of the chief rooms. No doubt a good deal of the woodwork, the staircase and the doors had already been put in hand by Ripley.

As Hatchlands never had the inestimable advantage of a traditional association with Adam, it has been treated in the course of time with scant respect. It is satisfactory, therefore, to find that so much yet remains of this first essay. Naturally it is unrestrained in design and bursting with the enthusiasm of the first return from Italy. The actual work is better than the drawings: it evidently underwent a process of revision in execution, though it is less chastened than it would have been after even a brief experience of actual work.

Ignoring the altered direction of the approach, and the new entrance, it will be as well to enter by the old hall, now the garden entrance. The treatment here as well as the actual doorway has been modified, perhaps as late as the period of 1790. Right and left are two rooms 24ft. square which, by Palladian rule, were made 18ft. high. This wasteful height seems to have tempted the practical Ripley to contrive a mezzanine over the left-hand room and the entrance hall, approached



TWO BEDROOM FIREPLACES.

from a landing of the main stairs. He has attempted the same intricacy of floor levels over the servants' offices, working three floors of the wing to two of the main building, with a result which is sufficiently confusing on the spot. It is too fussy a scheme for domestic architecture, and nothing like it occurs in Robert Adam's own practice. The room on the left of the old entrance hall was reduced by a passage, dotted on the old plan, and has a ceiling apparently earlier than Adam's appearance on the scene. On the right the ceiling has gone, and the mantelpiece is an interesting example of an early type which occurs also in the older rooms of Bowood and in some of the earlier Georgian houses, but cannot be directly traced to Adam. By the latter's designs we see that the original ceiling of this room was based on a large circle of the type which we shall meet with on the first floor. The principal staircase ceiling is possibly due to Adam, though the drawing for it does not now exist. It shows early

Adam ideas, such as very prominent pendant pateræ, features which he very soon discarded. A good deal of additional ornamentation may have been affixed to the walls of the staircase and to the centre of the ceiling, so that the Adam character has been rather overlaid. The big entablature with the leaf frieze is on the lines of the treatment of the so-called older staircase at Bowood, which of itself is almost certainly early Adam. By that analogy the Hatchlands staircase walls, if Robert Adam's work, would originally have been of the severe, plain type of early Georgian. The large window with the columns may have been introduced about

the period of 1790, in place of an original arched venetian and the light metal balustrade substituted for original balusters in oak.

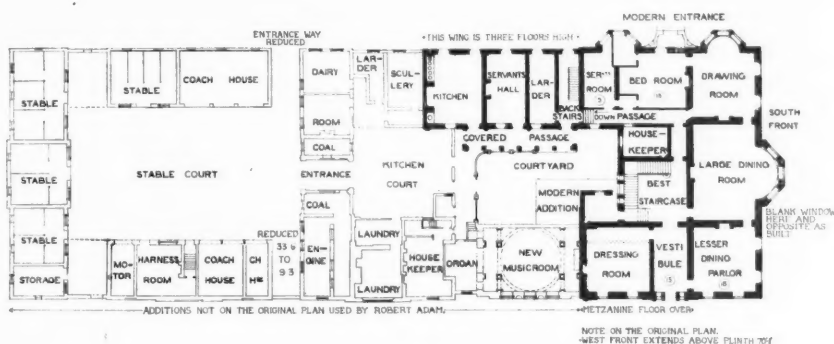
The centre room of the main front, the present great drawing-room, is the interior with which the chief Adam drawings that remain are mostly concerned. The ceiling is centred on an oval, enclosed by strong lines of a prolonged octagon with an outer border enlivened by sea-horses. The concentration of ornament in the corners is an Italian feature. The drawing for this is missing, but the main lines are shown by a pencil note on the plan. The simple framing up of wall panels, now filled in with silk, are shown on Adam's drawings with stucco arabesques of the Shardsloes type with two landscape ruins in the centre panels and a subject piece in the overmantel frame which now contains a mirror. The stuccoes seem to have been sketched on the walls as in the case of the gallery at Croome. The fine white marble mantelpiece displays a pair of tall figures, a composition which was Robert Adam's earliest ideal. The central panel of the frieze in the original design was a lively sea subject of classic type, while the present idea seems to be that of Night and Morning, the chariot reminiscent of the *Noctis Equi* of Horace. The side ornaments are plain spaces in the drawing but the general



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FROM THE LAWN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



PLAN.

Neptune, Justice, Fame, and Youth (?)—a figure with a laurel wreath and a palm branch. The alternative panels show twin mermaids in a composition which rises from a base of cannons, rifles, anchors, flags, swords, spears and drums, decorative symbolism dear to the heart of the eighteenth century. The whole design has evidently a

monumental significance and symbolic intent. The medallions are shown in the drawing with figures, apparently military subjects. The mantelpiece in white marble, of which the drawing exists, is interesting as an early example, when Adam was disposed to follow massive architectural types. The very pretty mahogany bookcases are said to be those of the original room.

The present dining-room was the alcove bedroom, and has been a good deal modified in consequence. The marble mantel no doubt belonged to the house and may have been selected by the Admiral, and one might hazard the guess that the dog in the central panel had some special significance.

A new Music Room has been added by Mr. Reginald Blomfield. As the illustration shows, it carries tradition back to the seventeenth century rather than to the actual period to which we now know the house to belong. The new lodges and entrance gates in wrought iron are the work of Mr. Goodhart-Rendel. The tomb and chancel decorations to the



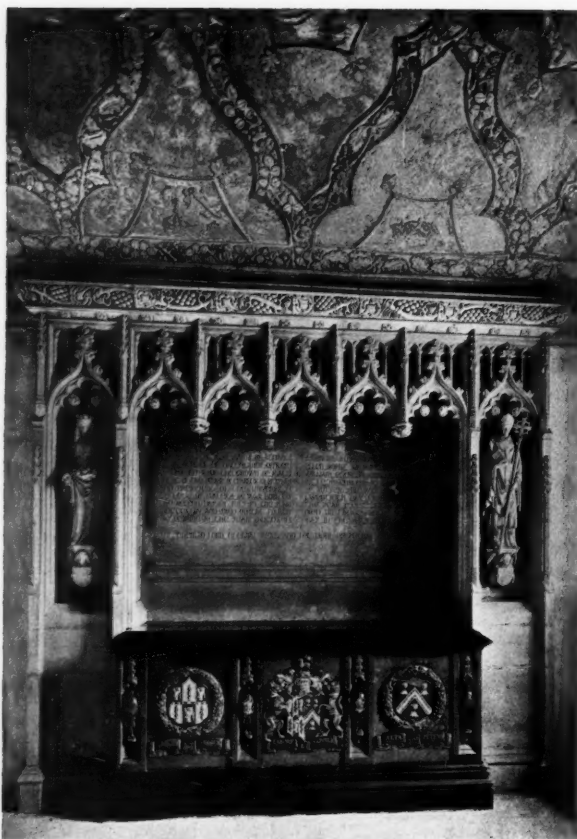
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TWO NOBLE SCOTCH FIRS.

"C.L."

exactness is remarkable: the chief change is the fuller drapery about the feet of the figures. The curious inner arches of the windows are due to exposure of the original construction of the carcass by Ripley, the windows having been raised in the last century. All the wood casings are richly carved without the use of composition, as is usual in Adam's earliest work.

The adjoining library has perhaps even more character. The scheme of the ceiling seems to have a personal reference to the hero's career. The "set-out" is a radiating one and forms panels rather like the gussets of an octagonal dome. The four main figures are



Copyright LORD RENDEL'S MONUMENT. "C.L."

memory of the late Lord Rendel are also to his design, Mr. Esmond Burton, sculptor, collaborating with him. The bronze wreaths and shields are decorated in colour against the polished black ground of the tomb. On the slab is an interesting incised cross. Since the death of the late Lord Rendel Hatchlands has been the home of the Hon. Mrs. Wilbraham V. Cooper, Mr. Goodhart-Rendel's mother.

The estate possesses very fine oaks and limes that suggest ancient avenues. To the south-west of the house the unequalled specimens of the latter trees are thought to be well over 100ft. high—their upper branches decorated with great tufts of mistletoe. Two large Scotch firs, believed to be 300 years old, stand closer to the house; in one of them is said to have been a little house perched in the branches, which are getting very sparse and skeleton-like; the girth exceeds 12ft. at 6ft. from the ground. A great plane tree is equal in size, and in height quite dwarfs the house. The oak trees run up a long way, very stalwart and of considerable girth before they branch at all. The largest verified is 18ft. 3in. at 6ft. from the ground. It is uncertain whether the Admiral planted the trees or if they belonged to an earlier house on the site.

The great staircase is of a scale and amplitude which is worthy of the important salon on the first floor. Adam's design for the ceiling exists and he calls it the withdrawing-room. The design is a large oval, the band of which is filled in with octagon coffering.



Copyright

THE NEW LODGES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

This centre room over the present drawing-room below has, however, been divided up into three rooms and has lost all traces of the original ceiling and other decorations, if any were there executed prior to the Admiral's early death. The two end square rooms show original ceilings of great interest as early Adam examples. That over the library has a good architectural mantelpiece with Ionic columns; the other room shows a design of the Inigo Jones type, with a head in the central panel; both of these are of marble. There are no Adam drawings for these and they represent current types. In a dressing



Copyright

NEW ENTRANCE GATE.

"C.L."

room there is a small wood mantel with marble slips enclosing a brick built interior with an early cast iron front. There are other metal grates downstairs of the basket type, which are also original. The Adams soon took an interest in the Carron Works, and gave great attention to the improved design of these important accessories. The early manufacturers like Mathew Boulton, Wedgwood, and others were amenable to influences which are apt to be disregarded to-day. Their successors do not, with the mad Malvolio, "think nobly of the soul," at any rate of the soul of the crowd, to whom the necessities of the age compel them to make their chief appeal.

The abiding interest of Hatchlands will always be that of possessing the earliest decorative essay of Robert Adam, who by native force of genius made a deep impression on his own age, revolutionising current practice, and leaving a tradition which is likely to be an increasing rather than a diminishing force in architecture. ARTHUR T. BOLTON.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

The Red Horizon, by Patrick MacGill. (Herbert Jenkins.)

HERE is a book to place side by side with the wonderful story of the Russian peasant's flight before the German advance. The point of similarity between Doroshkevitch and MacGill is that both endeavour to represent war as seen face to face by those engaged. The Russian author by his method shows how at first the alarm of war sounding distant and unreal only awakened a vague apprehension that grew and assumed definite shape till it became the horror and despair of which death is the inevitable end. MacGill's task was different. After many months' training under the shadow of St. Albans Cathedral he was sent to the front with the rest of the London Irish Territorials. We remember them, gay, young, laughter-loving lads, heartily returning the cheers of the crowd as, to the strains of "The Wearing of the Green" and "We're off to Philadelphia in the Morning," they, company by company, marched on board the troopship that was to carry them to France.

The temperament of the men was a merry one; they were ready to laugh at anything, pass jokes and indulge in banter. A journey from the Bank to Charing Cross might be undertaken with a more serious air; it looked for all the world as if they were merely out on some night frolic, and were determined to throw the whole mad vitality of youth into the escapade.

Some of the men never had been on the sea before, and two of the author's mates, though London bred and born, had never seen the outer waters. Their knowledge in this direction was limited to the Thames. Bloodshed of any kind was foreign to the experience of most, and some had never witnessed a death nor seen a dead man. Yet they were moving quickly to scenes of the most tragic conflict, and only those of imagination like the author could muse as he did:

This was a point at which the transports stopped. Beyond this, man was the beast of burden—the thing that with scissors-like precision cut off, pace by pace, the distance between him and the trenches. There is something pathetic in the forward crawl, in the automatic motion of boots rising and falling at the same moment; the gleaming sword handles waving backwards and forwards over the hip, and, above all, in the stretcher-bearers with stretchers slung over their shoulders marching along in rear. The march to battle breathes of something of an inevitable event, of forces moving towards a destined end. All individuality is lost, the thinking ego is effaced, the men are spokes in a mighty wheel, one moving because the other must, all fearing death as hearty men fear it, and all bent towards the same goal.

Battle is not battle in the old style. First acquaintance with casualties was made before a foeman had been visible. A pip-squeak (as they call a light shrapnel shell) wounds one of their number as they are going to the trenches, the bullets of a sniper whistle past them, two young men are struck dead in a trench, a bomb falls and explodes—all the fancies about war are dissipated by the hard facts. Not facts which the picturesque journalist has written about in his paper, but the worries, hardships, discomfort and suffering that constitute the actual life of the trenches. Mr. MacGill realistically brings before us not only the danger but the discomforts, the crowded, damp trench, the indifferent food, the sleeplessness, the no-washing, no-undressing and the rest of the minor hardships. Nor does he enhalo the men with the glory of conscientiously fighting for a good cause. On the contrary, he confesses to a feeling of complete ignorance as to what he is fighting for, and the majority of the men take no interest whatever in the politics of the war. Their outlook may be inferred from the following piece of characteristic talk over the death of a Brigadier:

"Mornin'! How's yer hoppin' it?" said Spud.
 "Top over toe!" answered Bill, "'Ow's you?"
 "Up to the pink. Any news?"
 "Yer 'aven't 'eard it?"
 "What?"
 "The Brigadier's 'opped it this mornin'."
 "Oo?"
 "Our Brigadier."
 "Git!"
 "'S truth!"
 "Strike me pink!" said Spud. "'Ow?"
 "A stray bullet."
 "Stone me ginger! but one would say he'd a safe job."
 "The bullet 'ad 'is number!"
 "So, he's gone west!"
 "He's gone west!"

The Red Horizon is sure to be as widely read as the most vivid description yet written of the actualities of this war. Whether it will do good or not is open to question.

The soldier is not so ignorant as he is represented to be in these pages. He understands the origin and knows what he is fighting for. As a matter of fact, the history of this war utterly upsets the fundamental ideas of great philosophers. Hardy's thesis in his great book, "The Dynasts," is that the great Napoleonic war was an array of Dynasts against Dynasts, Principalities and Power against Principalities and Power. Carlyle expressed his horror of war by declaring it was a case of a peaceful citizen being paid so much to shoot and be shot at for no reason that concerned him. These views are confounded by the present war, where barbarous Kultur is arrayed against human civilisation and whole peoples and nations have taken up the quarrel. It might have been expected that Mr. MacGill would have staged his drama in the light of this great generalisation. Doing so would have lent purpose and dignity to a realism that becomes almost sordid without such a reinforcement.

LITERARY NOTES.

MR. HAROLD CHILD is a capable writer, and very likely the conventionality of his book, *Thomas Hardy* (Nisbet), was deliberate. He is too clever not to have known better. "Attack the centre of gravity" is as good a motto in literature as in war, and Hardy's centre of gravity is the cynicism of a song in "The Dynasts," "The Night of Trafalgar," his masterpiece in expression and the culminating point of his dark philosophy. The poem is symbolic or it would never be there. The storm that rolled together on the deep, "Dead Nelson and his half-dead crew, his foes from near and far," is symbolic of the cosmic force to which a Trafalgar or a Waterloo is but the buzz of a fly, a louder or a softer buzz, what matter? Without so much as the contempt expressible in a look, out goes the fly, "As if some blind hand had brushed thy wing." Through Life's Little Ironies and Satires of Circumstance, and the novels idyllic, tragic, ingenious and fantastic, he makes a pilgrimage to this, and in the very latest of his poems, that published in the *Saturday Review* on January 29th, war annals and the passing of Dynasts are asserted to be of less consequence than the old man harrowing the ground or the rhyme flung to lass from lover. What a most engrossing study might be made of this brilliant intellect, keen as a knife, with the hard brilliance of a diamond, making its passage from the shadowy woodland and its rustic lovers up to the peak of philosophy, from which heroes and human ideals shrink into littleness as though seen through an inverted telescope. From that eminence Mr. Hardy, already having exercised a corroding wit upon what the crowd esteem to be the domestic virtues, now glances with still greater scorn upon their conception of life and its purposes. Mr. Harold Child may herein find the key to an expanded study. Should he do so we hope he will stick to the photograph at the beginning of the present volume. In its assurance of intellect as well as satire it suggests a splendid chief of the "Spirits Ironic and Sinister."

The most interesting feature of Miss Amy Lowell's *Six French Poets* (Macmillan) is the account of the state of French literature before the war. The poets dealt with are Verhaeren, Samain, Remy de Gourmont, Henry de Regnier, Francis Jammes and Paul Fort. It is curious that the last, elegant and almost precious should have produced one of the most poignant poems of the war. We reprint the French with Miss Lowell's prose translation below. Few will read it without emotion.

LE CHANT DES ANGLAIS.

It's a long way to Tipperary.

Feu! Tommy . . . Le cœur gigue aux chocs de nos canons. Du calme, bon garçon. Ah! c'est rudement long, rudement long pour aller à Tipperary. Depuis la soif d'hier apaisée sans whisky, je canonne, on canonne. Ah! . . . c'est rudement bon.

Qui m'a jeté sa gourde? Eh! vieux Bob, tu es mort? Du calme, cher garçon. A bientôt Leicester . . . Square. . . . All right! il est mort pour sa vieille Angleterre. La gourde est vide: feu! Tommy, canonne encore! Nous nous battons si bien, all right! les morts ont tort.

Du calme, fier garçon. Ah! c'est rudement long, rudement long pour aller à Tipperary, là-bas, près de la jolie fille que je connais. Elle me disait oui quand je lui disais non. Feu! Tommy. Le cœur gigue aux chocs de nos canons.

Tommy, sache, Tommy, que l'amour a du bon. Oui, c'est une lointaine et fine demoiselle, que l'on n'atteint jamais qu'en rêve. O large bec! Tu rêves et tout vient, l'âme et le corps avec. Ici rien que la mort, elle est fichue conzelle.

La mort! ah! si j'avais tourné les yeux vers elle, la teutonne m'eût pris le cou de son bras sec et fait goûter sa bouche endentée de shrapnells, en m'étouffant le sein jusqu'à l'extrême angoisse. Juste Seigneur! l'amour n'a rien de plus cruel!

Mais la mort, on n'y pense pas, elle est en face. Du calme, heureux garçon. La mort, la verrais-tu? Flottant sur la bataille ainsi qu'un étendard, c'est un grand vieux squelette usé de toute part: elle flotte à présent sur les casques pointus.

Feu! Tommy . . . Quoi! tu meurs aussi, garçon fidèle? Te voilà dans les bras de la fichue conzelle? Relève-toi, garçon! Ah! c'est rudement long, rudement long pour aller à Tipperary. Adieu, Leicester Square, adieu, Piccadilly!

Nous étions quinze, hurrah! nous sommes trois qui bougent. O canon, tes boulets sont teints de notre sang, notre sang qui refait notre uniforme

rouge : devant nous les Teutons sont exsangues de peur, ils croient que nous chargeons ta gueule avec nos cœurs.

Dansons ! dansons la gigue !—Ah ! oui . . . quoique vainqueurs, nous dansons notre gigue en plein ciel du Seigneur. Nous, bons garçons, nous sommes à Tipperary. Bonjour, Kate, bonjour, Annie, bonjour, Nelly . . . Nos cœurs se trouvent bien, pourvu que sur la terre, elle vive à jamais notre vieille Angleterre !

Miss Amy Lowell's prose translation :

THE SONG OF THE ENGLISH.

It's a long way to Tipperary.

Fire ! Tommy . . . My heart capers to the banging of our cannon. Be calm, old fellow. Ah ! it is a long way, a long way to Tipperary. Since yesterday's thirst without a drop of whiskey, I shoot, everyone shoots. Ah ! . . . it's fine.

Who threw me his bottle ? Ah, old Bob, you're dead ? Be calm, dear boy. Soon Leicester . . . Square . . . All right ! He died for old England. The bottle is empty. Fire ! Tommy, shoot some more ! We are all fighting very well, all right, the dead are wrong.

Quiet, old boy. Ah, it is a long way, a long way to Tipperary, over there, close to the pretty girl I know. She said yes when I said no. Fire, Tommy. My heart capers to the banging of our cannon.

Tommy, understand, Tommy, love has points. Yes, it's a delicate, distant lady that one never reaches except in dreams. O big mug ! You dream and everything comes. The soul and the body with it. Here there is nothing but death, she is an infernal woman.

Death ! Ah ! if I had looked her way, the German would have taken my neck under her withered arm, and made me taste her mouth with shrapnel for teeth, suffocating my chest to torture. Good God, love hasn't anything crueler than that.

But death, one doesn't think about it, it is in front. Calm, lucky chap. Do you want to see death ? She is a great, old, worn-out skeleton, floating over the battle like a standard : just now she is floating over the pointed helmets.

Fire ! Tommy . . . What, you are dying too, faithful fellow ? You are in the arms of the infernal woman ? Get up, old man ! Ah, it is a long way, a long way to Tipperary. Goodbye, Leicester Square, Goodbye, Piccadilly !

We were fifteen, hurrah, there are three of us moving. O cannon, your balls are tinged with our blood, our blood which makes our uniforms red again : in front of us the Germans are bleeding fear, they believe that we load your jaws with our hearts.

Dance, dance the jig ! Ah, yes . . . though victors we dance our jig in God's open sky. We, good boys, we are at Tipperary. Hullo, Kate ; hullo, Annie ; hullo, Nellie . . . Our hearts are comfortable, provided that, on earth,

our old England lives forever !

SOME NEW BOOKS.

The Travelling Companions, by Lady Margaret Sackville. (Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent and Co., 6s.)

LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE is one of those rare people who believe in the "Duoine Sidhe," the faerie-folk, else she could not have written this delightful book, *The Travelling Companions*, for it contains not only stories of thrilling adventure for children, but one or two studies of fairies, so convincing and original, one feels sure Lady Margaret Sackville must herself have set out saucers of thick cream and tempted some bolder sprites into view, or else be gifted with the second sight of the Gael. Studies of fairies such as that in "The Fairy Learns the Meaning of Tears" are very rare. Most writers of fairy stories make the fatal mistake of endowing their characters with human attributes ; they must give them a soul of sorts. It is only when you go into parts of the world where fairies are part and parcel of the daily life, such as the district round Inveraray, on Loch Fyne side, in Arran—which the fairies built in a night—or in parts of Ireland, that you get the same fairies as are in Lady Margaret Sackville's book—the Sidhu, the Men of Peace, those delightful but soulless beings of whom the pure bred Highland mystic will tell you tales by the score, pitying you that have not that vision, without which "the people perish." This study of a fairy makes "The Fairy Learns the Meaning of Tears" the most interesting story in the book to the grown-ups, but as a story for children, the tale which gives its title to the book, "The Travelling Companions," will no doubt be first favourite. To the adult mind it is, of course, too inconsequent, but that is what children love, reasons for things invariably bore them ; it is enough that there are mystery and adventure and romance, and the very opening of this story plunges you into the midst of high adventure and perilous ways. "So there they were, all comfortably settled in the garden. It wasn't *exactly* their garden, of course, but that made it all the more exciting, for the owner might arrive at any moment, which would give rise to interesting complications, and the owner of such a garden was bound to be a king, or a dwarf, or an enchanter or something." And so we are royally started off on the one hundred and seventh adventure of Lelysette, who played the fiddle, Ingebrun, "who never remembered anything useful except to feed the pelican, and this she forgot most days." Of Bocca Bunga and Mac Haggis and Sque and Peregrin—people with names such as these were bound to have adventures, and the adventures of Lady Margaret Sackville's people are all of an ethereal rose-tinted quality ; her fairy-like touch has never in anything mundane, of the dusty ways of earth. She has a wonderful faculty of turning even the dullest things into radiant romance. What, for instance, could be more dull or earth fettered than a railway train, a train with first, second and third classes, with porters and with tickets ? It may, of course,

convey you to enchanted hills, but in itself it is but a lumbering, heavy vehicle, till Lady Sackville touches it with her enchanting mind and it immediately becomes a glowing soap bubble, wherein the six adventurers recline at ease while wafted by sweet breezes from "A land of broad green meadows and cherry orchards, all in blossom, and newly painted farmhouses," to the kingdom of Queen Sylviana, "A land of rose gardens stretching to the blue sea, where nothing so noisy as a train could ever be imagined, right up to the summit of the rose-coloured hill where the castle stood." Of the other stories in the book, "Esmilda and the Swans" is the most lovely, though less bewitching than "The Boy with the Purple Nose" and "The Three Adventures," whose delicious humour is most entrancing. "Esmilda" is a fine piece of workmanship, a delicate frozen tear of a story. In it and "The Fairy Learns the Meaning of Tears" there is that wan, ethereal beauty which is characteristic of Lady Margaret Sackville's poetry. Esmilda, like so many of her sisters, lets the chance of romance slip by listening to the voice of old never to return ; when she fancies the time has come again and hastens to take advantage of it, it is only to find that her robe had, when she lifted it out, turned to dust, and the crown also crumbled away when she touched it, and the precious stones melted like bubbles when her hands closed on them. One would imagine it difficult to find an artist to do justice to Lady Margaret Sackville's imagination, but that artist has been found in Miss Florence Anderson, whose illustrations are as gossamer fine and have the same fairy-like beauty as the stories she illustrates.

Plays, Vol. II, by Anton Tchekhof. (Duckworth.)

MESSRS. DUCKWORTH have now issued the whole of Tchekhof's plays in two volumes. The first volume was translated by Marian Fell, who is giving the whole of Tchekhof to the American public, and the second is given to English eyes by Mr. West. It is good to think of something clearly achieved in the realm of translation, and the publication of these two compact volumes should be a signal to translators generally that Tchekhof's plays are done. Already they have been considerably duplicated, and one may mention among duplicates the good work of the late George Calderon. A literary note warns us that Mr. Bechöfer is giving us once more "The Wedding." To him we may say, "Kind heart, forbear !" Tchekhof's plays, except on the stage, present little interest to the English reader, and even on the stage it would be impossible to render them acceptably here, for we do not know the Tchekhof types, and can neither act them nor grasp the idea of them when they are presented. When the Theatre of Art comes over from Moscow it may be possible for a few to gain some idea of the impression they make on Russians and what they really mean. Not that our dramatists and producers could not pick up some ideas by reading Tchekhof in translation : that is not the point. The fact is, the ordinary public cannot grasp the thread of the stories in the plays as they read. The reading aloud of "The Sea Gull" or "The Three Sisters" in English is in the nature of a reliable soporific. They will not keep you awake thinking of them. But it should be borne in mind that they act splendidly, and that the Russian productions are full of charm. Vol. II, now presented to English readers, contains "The Three Sisters," "The Cherry Orchard," "The Wedding," "The Bear," "A Tragedian," "The Anniversary," "On the High Road" and "The Proposal," several of which are rather trifling sketches, though the two first named are important. "The Bear" is an extremely amusing farce, reads well aloud, and redeems the volume from dullness. The translation of the plays reads well and is in ordinary conversational English. It is perhaps a little too modern, and one wonders what may be the Russian for a "flapper" or "a bit of fluff" ; but in general Mr. West may be said to have a good command of English. There are now many people in this country who know Russian, but not many of them know how to write good English and keep natural in tone when they put pen to paper to give in one language what they apprehend in another.

Freshets of the Hills, by Charles Cunninghame Brend. (Methuen.)

THESE are times when everything, including minor poetry, can fairly be required to justify its existence. To be prettily fanciful, to exhibit conscientious workmanship and a tolerably dexterous handling of rhyme and metre—these are praiseworthy qualities in minor poetry, and the work of Mr. Brend displays them. But a world at war wants more than this in its rare moments of ease by way of literary help and comfort. It wants the loveliness that can wholly distract, or the simplicity and sincerity that can sustain and strengthen ; the poetry, in fact, of the poet who has something to say that is worth saying, and who says it with all his heart. This world, so tragically full of passion and blood and tears, is not interested in the mythologies of ancient Rome and Greece, whose "ever alluring spirit," we are told, inspired this little collection of verses. The inspiration seems chilly ; the feet of the Fauns are holden ; Pan is dead indeed. Here is a detachment from actuality which defeats itself. The verses smell of lamp oil rather than of the sea and the wind and the good green earth. They are carefully constructed, some of them not lacking a certain temporary charm—"Now beats the rain on sullen seas" falls pleasantly enough upon the ear—but one reads them with a mildly wondering impatience. To what purpose was this painstaking arrangement of words which bears no message ? This is not the poetry that can take us away from "the tumult and the shouting," or steel our courage when the darkness covers us ; and for any other kind we have at present in very truth no use at all.

The Spirit and the Law, by Edith Mary Moore. (Chapman and Hall.)

THOUGH hanging by a text and insisting on a moral, *The Spirit and the Law* is in reality a series of pictures of the Devonshire moors. The characters are part and parcel of the soil, incidents in the general life of the tors, valleys, bogs and heather of Dartmoor. Martin Lonrigg, cobbler and idealist, with a soul above his circumstances fails to find satisfaction in his marriage of the law ; fails, in fact, like most idealists, to find it anywhere. His wanderings over the moors, his star-gazing, his gropings after Truth, his efforts to understand the mystery of life, his love, even, and his marriage of the spirit, lead

to no enduring happiness, and to read of them is to be wrapped in melancholy and imbued with dissatisfaction. Mrs. Moore is none the less master of a skilful brush, and scattered through the book are pictures of the life of humble folk in farms and cottages drawn with sympathy and truth. Of

the minor characters, Timothy, the "natural" with his childish delight in polishing everything that will take a polish, his "beautiful ladies" that he cuts out of the papers and keeps in his breast pocket, is a touching figure, simple and kindly as a faithful dog.

OVER THE BLACK MOUNTAIN.

By NOEL POCKOCK.



CATTARO: A VIEW OF THE BAY SHOWING THE TOWN.

FOR a Montenegrin to walk would be nothing remarkable—he is a Montenegrin. But for a *stranac*—a foreigner—a Gospodin—naturally rolling in wealth—to propose to do such a thing, here was midsummer madness indeed! Hands were raised and eyes turned upwards to the towering Lovcen, looming stupendous above the little port of Cattaro. I could have a carriage. I could travel like a prince of the land. But to walk!

The Bocca di Cattaro lay placid as a lake, reflecting in its smooth surface the vivid green of the opposite shore and the rocky heights above. Behind, the Black Mountain rose abrupt, enormous, imminent, and up that grey menacing wall, as far as one could see, the tiny thread of road serpentine to and fro as in some awful De Quincey dream. But it was still cool, my shoes were strong and hobnailed, my socks well soaped inside and out.

The great new road to Cettinge starts from the Porta Gordicchio at Cattaro, in bold sweeps towards the south, but we common people who walk take the old bridle path to the east of the town. This begins to ascend at once in short, steep zig-zags, having been made long ago, in days when people were more direct; they wanted to climb the Black Mountain, so took it just as straight as the steepness of the ascent allowed them. In ten minutes one is looking down on to the twin towers of the cathedral below and the roofs and harbours of Cattaro, and has had time to settle down into one's stride.

At every hundred feet of ascent the Bocca widens out, the vista of the mountains becomes more imposing, and one better experiences that pleasing sensation of looking down on to any place from a height, especially a height to which in the sweat of one's brow one has attained. And, talking about the sweat of one's brow!

Up, up, up. For three mortal hours and half an hour the sun and I rose together. The sun, however, grows stronger as he ascends—*vires acquirit eundo* (which is the motto, incidentally, of an old Dalmatian family). I, on the contrary, do not. I admit that it was with a feeling of relief that at about ten o'clock I reached the road at the top of the first pass and had the satisfaction of knowing that I had climbed over 3,000ft. since breakfast, and that I was in Montenegro. Far down below the Bocca lay gleaming in the cradle of mountains like a fish lying in a net; a single break in the wilderness of grey peaks showed the level line of the Adriatic, and behind me yet the summit of the Lovcen rose in the hot blue. As Uncle Baedeker observes (and who should know better?), it is a scene almost unsurpassed in Europe. He goes so far as to bestow upon it the highest distinction in

his gift, the most honourable and exclusive order of the Two Stars. I noted it all as I sat and smoked a pipe of peace by the side of the road and found it very good.

I have underlined a lonely spot named Golo Bordo in the tablets of my memory. It is the highest summit of the road, whence, facing northward, one first gets a sight of the land of Crna Gora—fields of wild mountains—lost mountains of a stern and savage grandeur, conveying a feeling of aloofness from the world and of desolation indescribable, and with it a deeper *motif* which I am persuaded has played no small part in the making of the Montenegrin soul—one of unconquerable pride in this poor land of bare rock, in these remote fastnesses which the Montenegrin has held so long against all comers. Standards up here are different from standards down in our over-civilised, economic world. The only thing of value here is the indomitable spirit of a people. Incredible as it sounds, the possession of money is accounted a mean thing beside the possession of such qualities as hardihood, endurance and valour. Indeed, I am far from home!

And now turn round. There, low down and far away beyond the hills, shines the fair Lake of Skutari, beyond it the Albanian Alps. It is a sight to stir the dullest; how much more than a free vagabond with the wanderlust, a good digestion, no plans nor time limits, and an unquenchable desire to find out, and again and ever to find out, what kind of country lies beyond the hills.

That was the climax; for there I descended, with the sun going down behind the mass of the Lovcen on my right hand, until there came into view, beyond and downward, a green plain with scattered red-roofed cottages, and towards the middle some larger houses and a public park laid out with geometrical walks, like engineers' boxwood curves, but destitute of all vegetation. And I realised that this was indeed Montenegro's capital, Cettinge.

People began to pass more frequently; men of gigantic stature—men!—with the swinging stride of mountaineers; women in the national garb, sometimes young and handsome, but more often bowed and wrinkled with heavy labour. The men customarily wear the little round cap of Crna Gora, with its red top and HI (Nicholas I) within five gold semicircles, typifying the five centuries of Montenegrin liberty; the bright coloured sash with the heavy pistol-butt protruding, easy to the right hand, and some few wear the familiar national costume. But it is interesting to note how large a number now are in tattered khaki—the sash with the pistol-butt beneath the open tunic, the only touch of colour—sun-browned, war-hardened giants.

But most of all are in black. There is practically not a family in Montenegro that has not lost one or more of its members—many have lost all their male members—in the war. Of 40,000 fighting men—I have the figures from a Montenegrin officer who was through the thick of it all—five-eighths, the flower of Montenegro's manhood, 25,000, have been killed or badly wounded. "The poor stupid fellows," said the officer—he himself left a good position in Constantinople to join the army of his native land on the outbreak of hostilities—"Que voulez vous? They are so impetuous, so fearless, I assure you they are really good, but they have not of intelligence. I have seen"—he drew with his finger on the table at which we sat—"here the Osmanli, strongly entrenched; here we, five hundred men. Officer says, 'We take that position. Forward, my children.' They not think; they go straight, all at one, up that steep, in that bullet storm, *straight*, voyez vous! Pouf! All gone! Five hundred." He shrugged and tapped his forehead. "Not of intelligence," he repeated regretfully.

I enter Cetinge as lamps are being lighted. In the Katunska Ulica I notice the same thing—the black clothes, the quietness, the effect of decimation. And there are men on crutches, men maimed, broken, limping. In Cetinge and Podgorica, just after the war operations, there were 8,000 in hospital, and every day twenty, thirty, forty died—every day. The majority of the deaths were due to the use of dum-dum bullets by the Turks in Skutari, not by the regular troops, but by citizen levies who were able to choose their own ammunition. I saw one of these rounds which had not been fired—the end of the bullet filed flat. I have also seen their diabolical effects, the hole drilled clean in the healthy flesh at the point of entry, and the awful place where the flattened mass of lead and nickel made its shattering exit. Of the men wounded by these bullets, 90 per cent. died—fathers, husbands, brothers—strong, hardy fellows of unflinching courage, but—"not of intelligence."

Five-eighths of the nation's fighting men in a nation where all are fighters! Montenegro has indeed paid a heavy price.

ON WAR MEMORIALS.

BY A. CLUTTON BROCK.

THE Civic Arts Association, which was inaugurated at a meeting at the Mansion House last week, has a particular reason for coming into being at the present time, when we have other things to think of besides the civic arts. Its immediate aim is to improve the quality of war memorials, both public and private. In that it only expresses a general desire. There is this, at least, to be said for us as a nation—that in artistic matters we have a conviction of sin, and our artists, I believe, have it like the rest of us. We know how strangely inexpressive we have been of our deepest emotions, how often we have said something vague and pompous and pedantic when we wished to speak simply and precisely; and we are anxious now, for the sake of our dead rather than for our own credit, to recover that power of expression which was to our forefathers of the Middle Ages a gift of Nature. In this matter of war memorials we do not wish to think of art as a mystery practised by a few and understood by a few; we wish it to speak for all of us and to say what we can all understand; and our artists wish that, too. But they know that they must have our help. It is not enough that we should go to them and say, "Please give us war memorials simple and expressive. That is all we ask of you, and we leave the manner of doing it to you." We know quite well in other matters that that is not the way to get anything well done. Motor cars, for instance, are now improving year by year, both in excellence and in beauty, because the public knows exactly what it wants in a motor car, and therefore is always guiding the efforts of the designers and makers. If a maker produced a fantastic or pedantic motor car, one, say, that was a careful imitation of a Roman chariot, no one would buy it, because everyone knows what he wants in a car, and what he wants is not art at large. But we have made a vicious distinction between works of art and other things, and a work of art to us is something which we expect an artist to make for us without our knowing what we want in it.

That he cannot do. It is like asking him to find words for what we mean without telling him what we mean; and the consequence is that we are always abusing our artists for giving us what we want, when we ought to abuse ourselves for not knowing what we want. So, now that we have a really serious artistic want, we shall do best, perhaps, to forget the word art altogether with all its quarrelsome and bewildering associations, and think of war memorials not as works of art, but as we think of motor cars, as things worth our own serious attention.

In the case of a private war memorial, for instance, what is it that we want? Not art in the common sense of the word, but simply a memorial; that is something said not for a moment but for ages, and therefore well said both in language and in the manner in which that language is recorded. We want an inscription, and we should wish it to be, not artistic—a word that has no meaning for us unless it means some fashion of the moment—but good as an inscription, in just the same way that we want a car to be good as a car. But a good inscription is one that says exactly what is meant simply and finely, and in which the

lettering is also simple, fine, clear and permanent. It is something that will be a pleasure to read, both for the mind and for the eye; that and nothing more. At least, everything else about it should be subsidiary to that.

But consider what in the past we have done with inscriptions, in our desire to invest them with that vague something which we have called art. We have often used Gothic lettering in them, although the worst thing in Gothic art, because the most purely artistic, was its lettering. This lettering, developed by penmen so as to show off their skill, is not suited for inscriptions in stone or brass; it is foreign to our age, and, worst of all, it is not easily legible. Usually, too, the worst and latest specimens of it were chosen to imitate, because they were the most obviously strange and therefore artistic. And when the lettering was not Gothic, it was often fantastic in some other way, or else as dull and ill designed as the lettering of a handbill. But the lettering was not regarded, because there was art elsewhere in the inscription, usually on the border of it; art which distracted the attention from the inscription itself, that is to say, from the essence of the memorial. And this art, because it was irrelevant, because it was supplied by the artist who was often, by the by, merely a tradesman, was bad art. For art always is bad when it is irrelevant, especially when it is there to conceal a failure or absence of purpose.

So if our inscriptions are to improve now, we must not leave them to the artists. We must ourselves know what we want in an inscription; we must have a clear purpose of our own, and choose our artist not by his reputation, but by his power of fulfilling our purpose. There is no artistic mystery about good lettering, any more than about a good car. Anyone can see that the great Roman capitals are better letters than the capitals used in our street signs. Anyone can tell when letters are easy to read and pleasant to the eye. This matter has been neglected in inscriptions only because people thought that inscriptions were art and therefore not to be judged by any rational test. If now they will apply a rational test to the lettering, they will soon know what they want in it. And they can apply the same rational test to all subsidiary things, if they will grasp the fact that all things are subsidiary to the language and the lettering of an inscription. If to a memorial tablet there is a border of ornament which distracts the eye from the inscription itself, then the border is bad sense and so bad art. If the inscription is of good lettering, well cut on good stone, it will not look bleak or mean, however plain the tablet may be.

Mr. St. Loe Strachey, at the meeting of the Civic Arts Association, spoke of the language of inscriptions and said how often it was not worthy of the subject. Certainly we need to remember that in an inscription the art of language is the most important of all. Like the lettering, the language ought to be neither shoppy nor precious. If something is to be said for ages, it should be said gravely, simply and quietly. We want neither dull formulæ nor personal tricks of style nor journalistic phrases. Therefore I felt a little doubtful when Mr. Strachey proposed that some eminent

writers should be asked to give their help in inscription writing; both because I feared that the wrong writers might be chosen, and because to choose them would be once again to shift the responsibility on to the artist. Choose a master of language for a public memorial by all means—in the past the inscriptions on public memorials often seem to have been written by a clerk of the works and cut by a tomb-stone tradesman—but for private memorials such a master could only provide formulæ, which would need to be adapted to every particular case. We do not want inscription after inscription to recognise, say, Mr. Kipling's formula, perhaps marred with some incongruous addition; and it would be a tyranny on those who set up memorials to their dead to impose such formulæ upon them. But they can themselves awake to the beauty of good language as of good lettering. Language is an art in which we all have some skill, if only we would use it, if only we would try to say just what we mean and not employ phrases which we take to be literary. That word literary is as dangerous as the word artistic, because we do not know what it means. It is used to express a mystery which does not exist. It is a good rule for anyone who would write or say anything well that he should avoid any word or phrase which seems to him literary; for literary words and phrases usually mean little and are used by those who do not know quite what they mean. In an inscription everyone must wish to know what he means and to say it as exactly as possible. But there is, of course, a mood proper to an inscription. It is something that speaks in public and to many generations, therefore it should speak shortly and gravely, even of a personal grief. There should be no egotism in it, not even the egotism of affection. But our inscriptions are not likely to have this fault, for they have seldom had it in the past with all their other faults. We are a people with a remarkable art of language, which we lose only when we try to be literary. I believe that we can ourselves practise that art in our inscriptions without the help of men of letters, if only we give our minds to it.

I have spoken thus in detail of private memorials because we shall not get our public memorials right unless we get them right. If we use common sense in small things we shall use it in great. It is in our private memorials that

we can best see the connection between art and common sense, and having seen it there we shall learn to demand it elsewhere.

DIVERSIONS AT THE FRONT.

THOSE who were interested in the account which appeared in last week's issue of animals at the front will like to see the sketch by the same artist which appears on this page. It tells its own story, a story of gay young sportsmen unable to resist the temptation to try how far their horses can take the place of greyhounds. "Poor Wat," evidently much dismayed to find himself the object of their attention, has set back his ears and is stretching his legs to good purpose. Despite



IMPROVISED SPORT AT THE FRONT: RIDING DOWN HARES.

the perilous situation, the odds, we imagine, are in favour of his escape. The cleverest polo pony might find himself nonplussed when asked to follow the twistings and turnings of a hare. Two against one—four with the horsemen—are long odds, however. But the main thing is that an incident like this exhilarates the soldiers and supplies laughter for the mess-room.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE SHORTAGE OF PAPER PULP.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Seeing that the imports of paper pulp are being limited on account of transport shortage there seems to be excellent reason for turning attention to papyrus. The supplies of this plant are almost inexhaustible. It grows in many tropical districts, such as Egypt and the Congo for example, and always near rivers, which provides shipping facility. The lines which visit these countries take out food, working materials, manufactured goods, and so on, and would only profit by having a paying cargo for the return voyage. The papyrus needs no cultivation, there would be labour available for gathering it at a low rate, and being partly or entirely dried in the sun it would be ready for immediate shipment. Moreover, it is very easily pulped and would make paper of excellent quality.—H. V.

ASHBURNHAM HOUSE AND ROBERT ADAM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Perhaps I may add to Mr. Avray Tipping's interesting reference to Ashburnham House in Dover Street, now destroyed, that very probably the library, a room 17ft. 6in. by 20ft. by 14ft. 6in. high, was added by Robert Adam in 1773. Between that year and 1776 he appears to have redecorated the house with characteristic ceilings, chimneypieces, mirrors, etc. An engraved elevation of the well known entrance gates and lodge appears in the "Works" (published in 1778) with the same date of 1773—the smoke of the porter's fire is realistically shown flaming up from a classical vase which forms the central terminal feature of the design. From the work illustrated in the last two numbers of COUNTRY LIFE it would not appear that Adam was engaged at his Lordship's country seat.—A. T. B.

BUTTER OR CREAM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

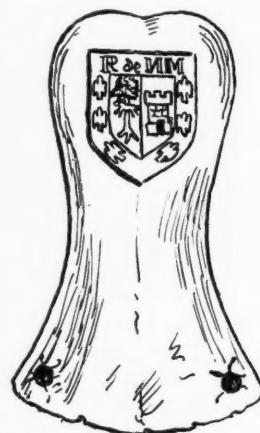
SIR,—On account of the high price of butter since the war many people have expressed the opinion that margarine should replace it on our tables. This, again, has been rightly opposed, as butter is a wholesome fatty substance and too valuable an asset to our daily fare, with its shortened meat ration, to be dispensed with in a hurry. Besides, too, we have to consider the loss it would entail upon our dairy farmers. But I would like to suggest the regulation of the sale of cream. This is in itself a pure luxury, and in wartime should not be consumed, except by invalids or children under doctors' orders. Anyone who has had the management of a dairy knows the serious inroad the consumption of raw cream makes on the butter supply. Last year the Devonshire dairies were finding it difficult to keep up the supply of cream, as well as butter. In restaurants there seems no lack of cream, and on tables where cream is to be found one may be quite sure that butter will not be lacking. The continued high price of good butter has become a very serious consideration in all households of moderate means, and is a more difficult one than even the shortage of eggs. Why not regulate the sale of cream during the war, as a larger supply of fresh butter would surely be the immediate result? We are trying to restrict imports and large quantities of butter are imported to this country, and much comes from neutral countries. The labour difficulty should not prove any barrier. Many women know how to make butter, and those not muscular enough for outdoor farm work could do the dairywork, and manage a separator and butter worker quite easily, though perhaps not strong enough for the plough. The preparation of the scalded or clotted cream as made in Devonshire is not altogether light work either, for the heavy tins of new milk have to be lifted after they have stood for twelve hours, into the scalding water, and entails a good deal of strain upon a person who has to do this heavy lifting four times a day in a large dairy. No doubt the butter made from scalded cream and the cream itself is most excellent, but the fact that we have to give up much that we like best during this war is daily being forced upon us, and any method that might increase our home supplies and check imports ought to have our earnest consideration.—H. A.C. PENRUDDOCKE.

THE HERO IN THE CHINA SHOP.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I find in a letter written by a friend of our grandfather's while touring through Worcestershire in July, 1807, the following reference to Nelson: "At Worcester we are to see the china manufactory. We called in a shop of that description, the mistress of which told us that the late Lord Nelson had ordered a set of china, the pattern of which she showed us, it cost 240gs." Also in a book called "A Century of Pottery in the City of Worcester," written by R. W. Binns, F.S.A., published in 1865, is the following: "... On Monday morning (Aug. 27th, 1802) his lordship and friends (Sir William and Lady Hamilton, the Rev. Dr. Nelson, his lady and son), preceded by a band of music, and attended by Mr. Weaver of the 'Hop-pole' Inn, and Messrs. Chamberlain visited the china factory of the latter. ... for more than an hour his lordship viewed with the minutest attention every department of this highly improved work, so much the object of general curiosity; and on inspection of the superb assortment of china at the shop in High Street honoured Messrs. Chamberlain by declaring that although, possessed of the finest porcelain the Courts of Dresden and Naples could afford, he had seen none equal to the productions of their manufactory, in testimony of which he left a very large order for china." N.B.—Nelson evidently had a preference for home manufacture! Binns goes on to state that one of the old hands of the pottery, James Plant, recollected the visit of Lord Nelson to the works. He said the workpeople were all in "a state of great excitement, all being desirous of seeing him of whom they had heard so much." In due time the hero and his party entered the painting shop, and then "a very battered looking gentleman made his appearance." He had lost an arm and an eye. "Leaning on his left and only arm was the beautiful Lady Hamilton, evidently pleased at the interest excited by her

companion; and then amongst the general company following after, came a very infirm old gentleman—this was Sir William Hamilton." In the order (the price of which is not given in Binns' book) were ninety-four pieces of china, among which was "an elegant vase, richly decorated with a miniature of his lordship, supported by a figure of Fame," ditto with a likeness of Lady Hamilton "cup and saucer ditto." Of this order only the breakfast service was executed, the death of the "gallant admiral" occurring before there was time to complete the whole. "This service in some way passed from Lord Nelson's family; and pieces may be found in the cabinets of most china collectors." The arms and insignia of Nelson were to be placed upon the china. These facts may interest china collectors.—A. HUGHES.



A SILVER SADDLE-POMMEL.

A RELIC OF COLUMBUS.

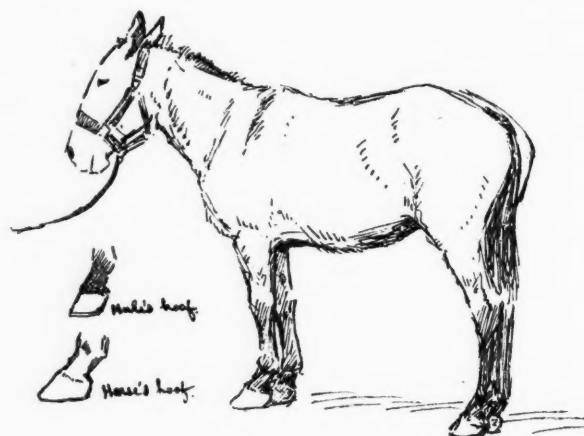
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I beg to enclose herewith a sketch of the silver pommel of a saddle, probably of Spanish origin. The silver is massive and has a raised and engraved coat of arms upon it. The Cuban from whom it was acquired stated that it belonged to an ancestor of his who was secretary to Columbus. Possibly a reader interested in old harness might be able to give the approximate date of the pommel. The coat of arms is: "Per pale, dexter, a fox (?) courant in front of an uprooted tree; sinister, a tower, all within a bordure charged with doves volant (fleurs de lis?) and in chief the letters R de N M." It would be interesting to identify this coat.—C. CLARKSON SHAW.

MULE OR HORSE?

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I send you a puzzle for your correspondence column. What is it? Well, the answer is, a horse. You would scarcely think it possible to confuse a mule and a horse, but this animal looked like a mule. He had rather large ears, a stripe down back and shoulders, and a tail like a mule. Everyone on first glance said it was a mule. But the solution dawned on you when you looked at his feet. He had horse's feet, not the box-shaped hoof of a mule. Put alongside a horse he looked like a mule; put alongside a mule he looked like a horse—and he was one. I have seen some thousands of



AN EQUINE PUZZLE.

mules since I have been in the Service, and two things strike me: I have never seen a white sock or stocking, and I have never seen a white blaze; but I have seen a few, very few, mules with a white star on forehead.—REMOUNT OFFICER.

THE JUDAS TREE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The legendary association of this tree with the disciple Judas is of some antiquity and seems to have first been given currency by Gerard, who writes in his Herbal, "It may be called in English, Judas Tree, for it is thought to be that upon which Judas hanged himself, and not upon the Elder as is vulgarly said." It is rather surprising to see this legend still maintained, as Alphonse de Candolle has pointed out in his "Origine des Plantes Cultivées" that it is based upon a mistranslation of the French name Arbre de Judée. To collect such curiosities of translation and adaptation would provide an amusing chapter. The apple Belle et Bonne becomes in English Bellyband, and more curious still is the pear named Leaping Diver. The explanation given was that the tree when being landed on these shores fell into the water but was rescued by a bold diver who leaped after it and brought it safely to shore. When, however, we find this pear identical with the L'Épine d'Niver of France a less circuitous explanation offers itself.—EDWARD A. BUNYARD, F.L.S.

HORSES BARKING TREES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have a beech tree in a meadow in which horses have been grazing all last summer. It is a good tree, the trunk measuring about 4yds. round. The horses have eaten away the bark more than halfway round the trunk from the ground to a height of 6ft. to 7ft. Not a shred of bark is left in that space. On the other half there are strips of bark left untouched from the roots upwards, varying in width from about 1ft. to a few inches. I should be much obliged if you could tell me if there is anything to be done to save the tree. Would a coating of tar laid over the exposed wood be of any use?—WEST OF ENGLAND.

[The only thing that can be done to the injured beech tree is to coat all the bare wood with ordinary gas-tar; then, if horses are to be turned out in the meadow again, protect the remaining bark by winding wire netting round the trunk from the ground-line to a point above the reach of the horses. By smearing the trunks of trees with tar or applying a daub of tar here and there, horses are sometimes prevented from injuring them.—ED.]

AN ABNORMAL TREE GROWTH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a tree with an abnormally big root growth. Is this common or natural to certain kinds of trees, and, if so, what is the

cause of it? This particular tree stands on very flat ground which gets marshy in wet weather. There were several like it near, but I saw none elsewhere. Perhaps some reader will be able to offer an explanation.—E. CROWE.

[The peculiarly swollen base of the tree trunk shown in the accompanying illustration is difficult to account for, although it may be due to the tree growing in marshy ground. The two branches may, however, have originated from an old stump of a tree, but that cannot be determined from the picture. The deciduous cypress develops with a curiously swollen base when growing in water; in fact, that is a character-



A CASE OF VEGETABLE GOUT?

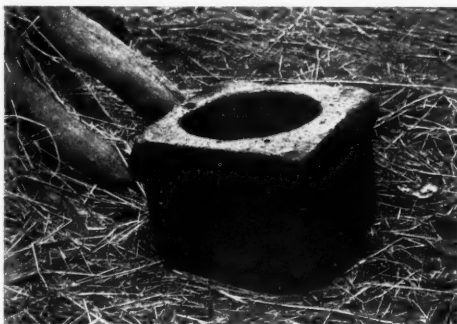
istic of the tree in the swampy ground of the Southern United States. Instances of enlarged trunks of deciduous cypress trees growing in water are sometimes seen in the British Isles, but the swellings hardly correspond with the peculiar base of the tree represented in the photograph. At all events, the tree is not a deciduous cypress.—ED.]

AN ANCIENT HOLY WATER STOUP.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The enclosed photograph of a benatura, or ancient stoup, for holy water will doubtless prove of interest to your readers, not because it is unique, for a few others exist, though not all of them in the same excellent

state of preservation as this one; but rather on account of its present hapless and unorthodox situation. The writer discovered it quite accidentally lying exposed to all weathers next to a cattle trough in a farmyard immediately opposite the



USED FOR PIG FEEDING.

parish church of Tong, a beautiful little village some four miles from Bradford. One would have thought it originally belonged to this church, which itself dates from the twelfth century, but apparently such is not the case. The present owner told the Vicar, the Rev. Charles Farrow, M.A., who went to see if he could secure possession of it for the church, that it was given to their family by an old gamekeeper who brought it from Kirkburton, close to Huddersfield. He used it for feeding

his pigs (!) and only parted with it when he gave up this particular hobby. A regrettable feature is that the owner has no intention of surrendering this fine old relic, although of what use or value it can be to him it would be almost impossible to say.—EDWIN E. LE BAS.

THE DIVING HABIT IN BIRDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Enclosed are two photographs which may be of interest as illustrating a possible stage in the evolution of the diving habit in birds. The bird, a black-headed gull, was feeding in a pond, the water of which was just too

deep to allow it to reach the bottom. Accordingly the gull, when it arrived above some desirable morsel, gathered itself together, and with the help of its wings "dived" down head foremost. A cormorant or grebe would have sunk like a stone; but the buoyancy of the gull was such that it never succeeded in submerging more than half of its body, but bobbed up at once like a ping-pong ball. None of the gulls or terns can dive in the true sense of the word, although if they could acquire the habit it would doubtless be of great service to them. The terns have progressed farthest in this direction, for by hurling themselves down from a height they can submerge themselves for a few seconds. Herring gulls also have been seen partly to submerge themselves in the same way, and in them, as in the case of the black-headed gull, we possibly see the beginning of a habit within the diving birds proper which may have arisen in the first place by an act of intelligent adaptation of means to ends, and have now been perfected to such an extent that the whole mode of life and structure of the bird has been correlated to it.—MAUD D. HAVILAND.



A BLACK-HEADED GULL



TRYING TO DIVE.

STRANGE VISITORS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—On Wednesday in last week at Grève D'Azette, a small village situated in S. Clement's Bay (Jersey), the sea was black with millions of small fish very similar to but much smaller than a nautilus. Seafaring

men say they are seen in tropical waters, but up to now no one has identified the fish. Last week has also seen a large influx of flocks of wild geese and other wild fowl in the fens and marshes of South Lincolnshire. Fen folk say that these visitors are forerunners of bad weather.—G. WELBURN.

BIRDS IN A YORKSHIRE GARDEN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I do not know if it will interest you to know that the summer before last we had a wryneck living in this garden. On looking it up in my bird-book, I see it is practically unknown so far north; but it seemed very happy and was here till the cold weather began in October. A green woodpecker also inhabited the garden and little wood just outside, which, of course, is not so wonderful, but we are only a mile from York. Tree-creepers, tits (except the long-tailed) and red-wings we have any number of, and once a pair of golden-crested wrens and two birds I have never been able to identify. They were both the same species, dark grey-brown, not as big as a starling, with beaks like a bullfinch's. Unfortunately, they were both dead—it was in very cold weather I found them. Of course, masses of the ordinary sorts of birds are here always, as we feed them and put up boxes for nesting.—L. LAWSON.

A CLIMBER TO THE MANNER BRED.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—During many visits to the various solan rookeries on the Bass Rock for photographs or observation purposes I frequently had the company of



"WHAT A LARGE BEAK YOU'VE GOT."

a climber—a climber to the manner bred. A young goat—which had been presented to the "Rock" with the ultimate intention of ousting the "tinned article" in our domestic affairs—never would allow me on these expeditions without the pleasure of its company. Being already acquainted with our poultry, it was laughable to see its first introduction to the solans on their nests. Presumably these birds in its opinion were evidently some other kind of poultry, and their furious cackling at its presence did not appear to disconcert it in the slightest. Passing along the outside edge of hundreds of these birds, a narrow ledge brought it within striking distance of a sitting solan. Immediately the throaty gargling of the bird was followed by a swift stab of the distended bill which caught the trespasser fair on the flank, the impact almost sending the goat over the cliff face—this being avoided by its astonishing power of balance. Swerving its head from its opponent's attack, the goat jumped wildly among other sitting birds in its effort to escape and only after ploughing erratically across the startled rookery, with indiscriminate stabbings from fledglings as well as old birds, did it reach the inner side in safety. It was amusing to see how closely it watched afterwards to always keep outside the striking distance of the solan, and to see it view these birds after its first introduction one can easily understand its comparison with the poultry at home. This running the gauntlet did not prevent it always following me on the cliffs, and in places where, with the impedimenta on my back, I had to use a rope, the goat would make the most surprising efforts

to follow me. Whenever I came to a position in which it could not follow it would bound off in what appeared the most impracticable direction, and after touring from one dangerous point to another, hesitating on a pinnacle of rock after a leap, which made one think a breath would send it to destruction, it would successfully join me in the rookery below. Once only did it find itself in a hopeless position during one of its own peregrinations. Two days it was missed, and after searching over the rock, I considered it had gone "overboard." Going down to meet a boat at the landing place I heard the faint bleating of the goat, and after some searching, found it on a narrow ledge with a sheer fall of five feet above it. Had the ledge been a little wider



"ALL THE BETTER TO PECK YOU WITH."

it might have escaped, but any attempt as it was would surely have landed it in the sea. I can tell you it was pleased to see me and actually nosed me like a frolicsome pup.—J. M. CAMPBELL.

"DECOYS FOR WOOD PIGEONS."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In many parts of the country there have been enormous flocks of wood pigeons; in our district we have shot numbers of them in foggy weather, but have not been able to do much to thin them down in clear weather. Sometimes we have done fairly well with artificial decoys run up in the trees on long bamboo poles jointed together, but the best plan is, I think, to use decoys on the ground where the pigeons come to feed. For this purpose real birds (dead) are better than the artificial ones, but there is often some difficulty in setting up dead birds in a natural position. I seem to remember that in my younger days we used to have "wires" by means of which we could put up a dead pigeon in any desired position without delay. I am writing to ask if you or any of your readers can tell me how these "wires" were made. I have some vague recollection that there was a loose end which stuck into the ground and a sort of loop which supported the body of the bird; a smaller loop—or was it a spike?—taking the neck, but how the wire was made I have quite forgotten. Something of the sort would be very useful now, for they can easily be carried in the pocket or cartridge bag, and I remember that they worked well. I might mention that a good many of the pigeons shot lately were affected with some disease, and it occurs to me that, even when no outward signs of the disease are present, others may be affected and unfit for food.—P. P.

CURIOUS INN SIGNS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—A *propos* of this subject, I remember seeing some years ago an unusual although not, I think, unique inn sign above the door of a country hostelry a mile or so south of Market Drayton in Shropshire. It was either the Four



BETWEEN THE GANNET AND THE DEEP SEA.

Alls or the Five Alls; I think the former, and in any case I can only recall the words which were shown issuing from the mouths of four painted heads. The King—one of the Georges—says, "I govern all"; a soldier follows with the boast, "I fight for all"; a parson adds, "I pray for all"; and finally John Bull puts in, "I pay for all." I believe I have seen a Five Alls, either there or elsewhere, but cannot remember who was the fifth speaker. I have no photograph of this sign, as I saw it in the days before my camera.—ARTHUR O. COOKE.